

SING UNTO THE LORD A NEW SONG.
PS. 149

THE NEW SONG

The title 'THE NEW SONG' is rendered in a highly decorative, blackletter-style font. The word 'THE' is smaller and positioned to the left of 'NEW'. 'NEW' is large and features a harp illustration within its 'W'. 'SONG' is the largest word, with the 'S' being particularly ornate and featuring a circular motif. The letters are surrounded by intricate floral and leaf patterns, including ferns and sprigs of leaves. The background of the title area is a light, textured pattern.

NO. 1

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY
GEO. F. ROSCHE

PUBLISHED BY
GEO. F. ROSCHE & CO.
CHICAGO, ILL.

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THE

NEW SONGS;

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL,

SOCIETIES OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR,

AND

Other Religious Exercises.

BY

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



PUBLISHED BY
GEO. F. ROSCHE & CO.,

CHICAGO, ILL.
WITHDRAWN



Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in His sanctuary: praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise Him for His mighty acts: praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet: praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with the timbrel and dance: praise Him with stringed instruments and organs.

Praise Him upon the loud cymbals: praise Him upon the high sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.—*Ps. CL.*



THE NEW SONG.

No. 1. The New Song.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

J. B. CAMPBELL.

1. There is a bliss-ful home a-bove, Where Christ, the Lord doth reign,
 2. While cumber'd with the cares and strife That vex us as we roam,
 3. Then to his arms for rest we'll flee, And pray for grace each day,

Where all is peace and joy and love, Nor en-ters grief or pain,
 How oft we think of heav'n-ly life And long for yon-der home.
 And that we all His face may see When storms have pass'd a-way.

Where friends u-nite to part no more, And songs of joy a-bide;
 And when the storms so fierce-ly beat, And earth seems dark and drear,
 And in that bliss-ful home a-bove The sweet "New Song" we'd sing,

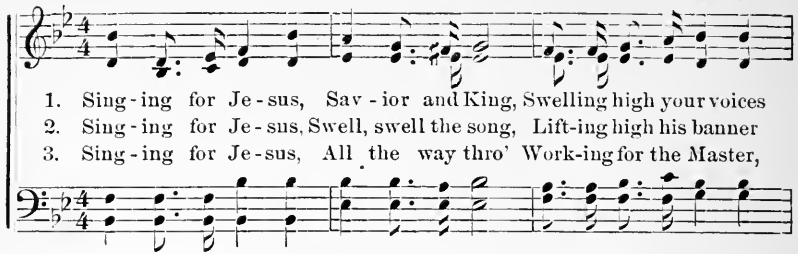
On Canaan's bright and hap-py shore, Be-yond death's swelling tide.
 How bless-ed is our sure Re-treat; Christ ban-ish-es our fear.
 The song of His re-deem-ing love, And wor-ship Christ, our King.

No. 2.

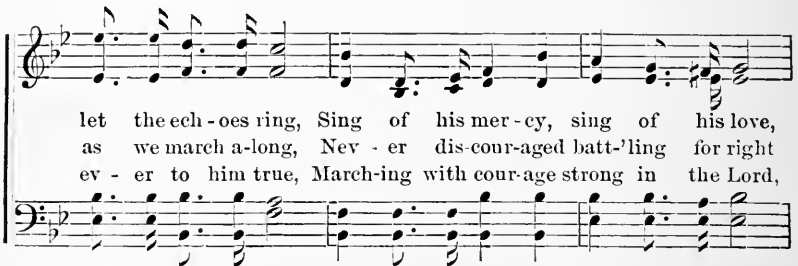
Singing for Jesus.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

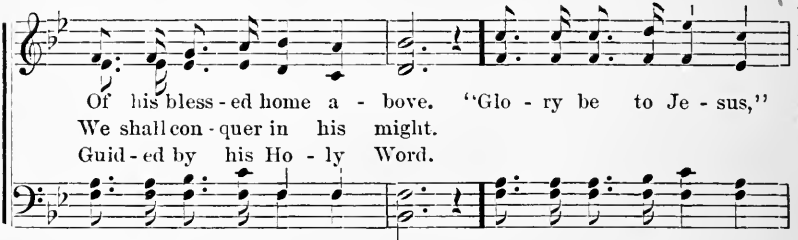


1. Sing-ing for Je-sus, Sav-ior and King, Swelling high your voices
 2. Sing-ing for Je-sus, Swell, swell the song, Lift-ing high his banner
 3. Sing-ing for Je-sus, All the way thro' Work-ing for the Master,



let the ech-oes ring, Sing of his mer-cy, sing of his love,
 as we march a-long, Nev-er dis-cour-aged batt-ling for right
 ev-er to him true, March-ing with cour-age strong in the Lord,

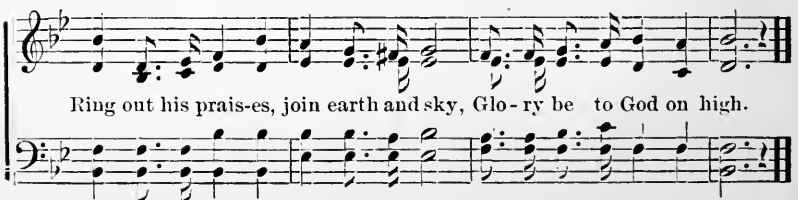
CHORUS.



Of his bless-ed home a-bove. "Glo-ry be to Je-sus,"
 We shall con-quer in his might.
 Guid-ed by his Ho-ly Word.



an-gels sweetly sing, Glo-ry be to Je-sus, Might-y Sav-ior, King!



Ring out his prais-es, join earth and sky, Glo-ry be to God on high.

No 3. Lord, Teach our Hands to War.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOCAH.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Lord, teach our hands to war, And keep our cour - age strong,
2. O, Je - sus! lead the van, And we will fol - low on,
3. Come, doubt-ing ones, de - cide! Come, join our Chris-tian band!

Great hosts of Sin op - pose our steps, The way is steep and long.
Through hardest toil and wild - est strife, We'll tread where Thou hast gone.
We're marching thro' the Wil - der - ness, To bliss - ful Canaan's land.

CHORUS.

March on, march on! We're bound for Canaan's shore;
March on, march on!

In Je - sus' name we'll win our way, Then rest, for - ev - er more.

No. 4.

Christian Joy.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. In the morn - ing, when the light is dawn - ing, And the
 2. With the sun at noon in glo - ry shin - ing, E - ven
 3. When be - hind the 'gates of gold,' re - tir - ing, Day - light

lark his car - ol clear is trill - ing, I re - joice with ev - 'ry
 sad - dest hearts should cease re - pin - ing, As they con - tem - plate the
 yields the sway to night in - spir - ing, Up a - bove I tun my

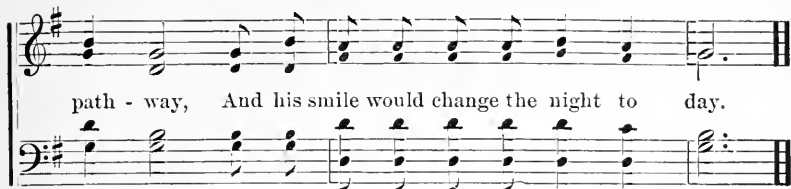
crea - ture liv - ing, Chant - ing glad - dest songs of Chris - tian joy.
 care un - fail - ing, That pro - vid - eth sun - light for the soul.
 gaze ad - mir - ing, And re - flect on Heaven's end - less day.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sun that lights my soul, sets nev - er, And no

shad - ow can his rays e'er cov - er; 'Tis my Father's face illumines my

Christian Joy—Concluded.



path - way, And his smile would change the night to day.

No. 5. The Children's Friend.

Wm. APPEL.

(For the Little Ones.)

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

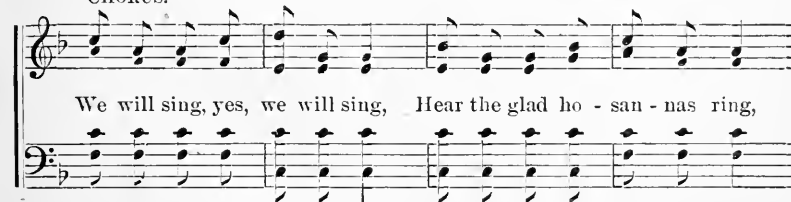


1. Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend, Children's friend, children's friend,
2. Je - sus is the chil - dren's king, Children's king, children's king,
3. Je - sus is the chil - dren's God, Children's God, children's God,



Je - sus is the chil - dren's friend, Bless - ed be His name!
Je - sus is the chil - dren's king, Bless - ed be His name!
Je - sus is the chil - dren's God, Bless - ed be His name!

CHORUS.



We will sing, yes, we will sing, Hear the glad ho - san - nas ring,

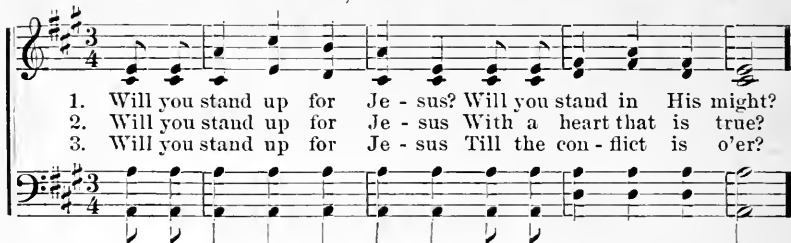


Yes, to Je - sus we will sing: Bless - ed be His name!

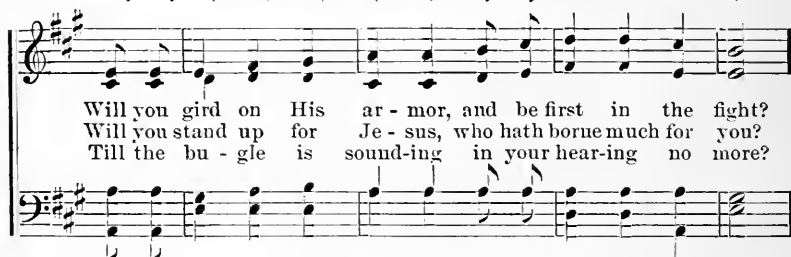
No. 6. Will You Stand up for Jesus?

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

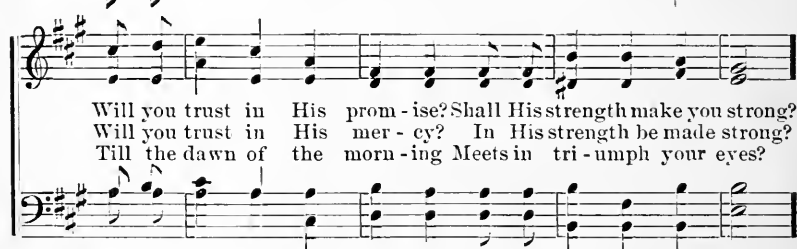
W. A. OGDEN.




1. Will you stand up for Je - sus? Will you stand in His might?
2. Will you stand up for Je - sus With a heart that is true?
3. Will you stand up for Je - sus Till the con - flict is o'er?



Will you gird on His ar - mor, and be first in the fight?
Will you stand up for Je - sus, who hath borne much for you?
Till the bu - gle is sound - ing in your hear - ing no more?

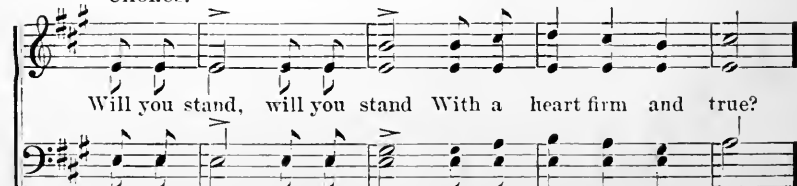


Will you trust in His prom - ise? Shall His strength make you strong?
Will you trust in His mer - cy? In His strength be made strong?
Till the dawn of the morn - ing Meets in tri - umph your eyes?



Shall the dear name of Je - sus be your watch - word and song?
Shall the dear name of Je - sus be your watch - word and song?
And the pa - eans of vic - t'ry sound a - loud in the skies?

CHORUS.



Will you stand, will you stand With a heart firm and true?

Will You Stand—Concluded.

Will you stand up for Je - sus, who hath suf - fered for you?

No 7. Father, Son and Holy Spirit.

Rev. WM. APPEL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Lively.

1. Gracious Father, grant thy blessing To each waiting soul, we pray,
2. Blessed Je - sus, we beseech thee, Send the sunshine of thy love
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, guide and comfort, When our spir - its are de - pressed.

Help - er of the weak and helpless, Keep our hearts from day to day.
In - to hearts cast down and wea - ry, From thy lov - ing heart a - bove.
Lead us on through ev - 'ry tri - al, To our ev - er - last - ing rest.

CHORUS.

Fath - er, Son and Ho - ly Spir - it, One in all e - ter - ni - ty,

We a - dore and wor - ship thee, Ev - er bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 8. The Stranger at the Door.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Some one's knock-ing at the door; Let him in! let him
 2. Hear him! call-ing, soft and low; Let him in! let him
 3. Sad-ly he has tar-ried long; Let him in! let him

Let him in!

in! Knock-ing as none knocked be-fore; Let him
 in! Breath-ing love that pass-eth show; Let him
 in! Christ! the theme of an-gels' song; Let him

Let him in!

in! let him in! Soul, 'tis Je-sus! don't de-
 in! let him in! Joy he brings be-yond com-
 in! let him in! Let him in! the King-ly

lay, Hast-en! for he may not stay. May not
 pare. Heav'n-ly draughts with thee will share; Soul, why
 Guest, He will make thee tru-ly blest, Give thee

long for entrance pray, Let him in! let him in!
 stand de-bat-ing there? Let him in! let him in!
 ev-er-last-ing rest; Let him in! let him in!

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No. 9.

Gladly Do We Gather.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Glad - ly do we gath - er, with teach - ers and com - rades, To
 2. Help us, heav'nly Fa - ther, to heed well the les - sons, Our
 3. Bless - ed be our meet - ing, dear Sav - ior of chil - dren, Oh!

stud - y God's Word, and sing praise to his Name; Hearts beat with
 teach - ers, for thy sake, so free - ly im - part; May we re -
 give us the mind that dwells rich - ly in thee; Bind us in

pleas - ure, and fac - es are smil - ing, In - spired with af -
 pay them, with lov - ing at - ten - tion, And ne'er from the
 bonds that the world can - not sev - er, For thy ser - vants

REFRAIN.

fec - tion, that fear - eth no blame. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Cre -
 path - way of Wis - dom de - part.
 on - ly, in spir - it are free.

a - tor, Al - might - y, Praise be to the Spir - it, and Je - sus our Lord.

No. 10. As We go Marching Home.

LAWRENCE W. SCOTT.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The bells of heav'n are ring - ing,
 2. The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The light of heav'n is shin - ing,
 3. The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The harps of heav'n are play - ing,

As we go marching home, As we go marching home.
 As we go marching home, As we go marching home.
 As we go marching home, As we go marching home.

The bells of heav'n are ring - ing, The choirs of heav'n are sing - ing.
 The light of heav'n is shin - ing, The shade of night's de - clin - ing.
 The harps of heav'n are play - ing, The heirs of heav'n are pray - ing,

The pearl - y gates are swing - ing, As we go marching home.
 The clouds have sil - ver lin - ing, As we go marching home.
 To God their homage pay - ing, As we go marching home.

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LAURA E. NEWELL.

C. A. WEISS.

1. Let us work for Je - sus, He's a friend so true (so true),
 2. Let us glad - ly la - bor, Ser - vice true we'd give (we'd give),
 3. Let us strive to res - cue Those who by the way (the way),
 4. Let us live for Je - sus, And when cares are past (are past),

Lov - ing - ly He's call - ing, Call - ing me and you (and you).
 Cheer - ful - ly to Je - sus; La - bor while we live (we live).
 Yield to sad temp - ta - tion, And in sin may stray (may stray).
 Reign with Him in glo - ry, With the Lord at last (at last).

CHORUS.

La - bor for Christ..... to - day. He is the Truth,..... the Way.
 for Christ the Truth,

Look un - to Him..... for aid. Ne'er shalt thou be dis - mayed
 to Him dismayed.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. No book like the Bi-ble, inspired from a - bove, No book like the
 2. No book like the Bi-ble, with com-fort re - plete. Each soul-cheering
 3. O help us, dear Fa-ther, to walk in its light. That keeps us from

Bi-ble, God's mes-sage of love; Its pa - ges of wis-dom how
 promise, how pre-cious and sweet; It tells of a Sav-ior, and
 e - vil, and leads us a - right; To treas-ure the wis-dom its

bright-ly they shine, Its truth is e - ter - nal, its language di - vine.
 shows us the way, To realms that are fade - less and brighter than day.
 pa - ges un - fold, A wis-dom more pre-cious than sil - ver or gold.

CHORUS.

Dear book of Life, we cling to thee. Our guide, our
 Dear book of Life, we cling to thee. Our guide, our

chart, on life's dark sea; Dear book of Life, that
 chart, on life's dark sea; Dear book of Life,

Book of Life—Concluded.

God has giv'n, Our hope on earth, our joy in heav'n.
that God has giv'n,

No. 13.

Our King.

C. H. G.

(Children's Day.)

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our sweetest songs of glad - ness, On this, the Children's Day, We
2. He loved the lit - tle chil - dren When He was here be - low, And
3. We love to sing His prais - es And hear the sto - ries told Of
4. O Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior, We kneel be - fore thy throne, And

bring to praise the Sav - ior, Who is the Life, the Way.
though He's up in heav - en. He loves us yet we know.
Him when He was dwell - ing In Gal - i - lee, of old.
ask that Thou wilt help us To live for Thee a - lone.

REFRAIN.

We sing,..... we sing..... The prais - es of our King,.....
We sing. we sing Heavenly King.

We sing,..... we sing..... The glo - ry of our King.
We sing, we sing

No. 14. The Sunday School Army.

Rev. W. F. COSNER.

R. A. GLENN.

Marching time.

1. O Come, we are march-ing to Zi - on, The Sun - day School
 2. We'll cheer-ful - ly fol - low our Cap - tain, His spir - it our
 3. In Zi - on, that beau - ti - ful cit - y, Our ar - mour we

arm-y are we, We fear not the foes that op-press us, For
 strength will re-new, We'll do with our might, at His bid - ing, What
 soon shall lay down. All those who prove true to the Mas - ter, Shall

CHORUS

Je - sus our cap - tain will be. We are march - ing to
 ev - er our hands find to do. We are marching, march-ing
 each wear a robe and a crown.

Zi - on, That beau-ti-ful land of the blest. Yes, with
 on to Zi-on, Hal - le - lu - jah!

song, and with joy, We are marching to the land of rest.
 Yes, with song, and with joy,

No. 15. Go Forth in Jesus' Spirit.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Go forth in Je - sus' spir - it, De - vot - ed, pa - tient, mild;
 2. Like doves, be gen - tle, harm - less, And sin's ap - proaches flee,
 3. Not one harsh word of an - ger Our Lord to sin - ners spake;

No soul shall life in - her - it, Save as a lit - tle child;
 Be wise and watch - ful al - ways, The Ser - pent's wiles to see:
 His pit - y prov'd far stron - ger, Their hearts of stone, to break:

Thy pride, which bringeth tor - ment, For ev - er - more re - sign,
 Judge not, but love thy broth - er, Thy love his soul may save;
 Go forth in Je - sus' spir - it, Ful - fill his high be - hest, —

And don the spot - less gar - ment Of char - i - ty di - vine.
 We must for - give each - oth - er, As Christ our sins for - gave.
 His love thy on - ly mer - it, — And leave to God the rest.

No. 16. Whate'er thou Sowest, thou must Reap.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. What-e'er thou sow-est, thou must reap, Then sow in right-eous-ness,
 2. All seeds that fall from out thy hand, For good or ill must grow,
 3. Then sow in hope and look a-bove, To him who reads thy heart,

If thou thy ground dost faith-ful keep, Thy Lord the yield will bless.
 And spread their roots thro' all the land Wid-er than thou canst know;
 And marks, for thee, thy path in love, He'll strength to thee im-part.

And fair the har-vest fields shall be, 'Neath glad, re-fresh-ing rain,
 Once sown, they can-not i-dly lie, But in-to life they spring;
 And day by day his care will bless, What-ev-er thou dost sow,

And sun-light fall-ing wide and free Shall wave thy ripening grain.
 And as the days and weeks go by, Each of its kind will bring.
 In truth's clear light, in right-eous-ness, For all the world 'twill grow.

REFRAIN.

Then sow with hope and trust, thy seed, And sow in right-
 Then sow with hope, and trust, thy seed,

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Where'r thou Sowest—Concluded.

-ous ness. God knows thy need, And He the yield will bless.
thy seed! God knows, thy need,

No. 17. I've Given My Heart to Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I've giv - en my heart to Je - sus, My life to his ser - vice sweet;
2. I've giv - en my heart to Je - sus, To Je - sus, my Sav - ior God;
3. I've giv - en my heart to Je - sus, I'm hap - py my King to own;

My strength and my hope I'll dai - ly Re - new at his pre - cious feet.
His foot - steps I strive to fol - low The paths He be - fore me trod.
Life's toil His fond love shall sweet - en, My soul shall be all His own.

CHORUS.

I've giv - en my heart to Je - sus And He shall my lead - er be;

My soul shall be His for - ev - er, And dai - ly He'll comfort me.

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No. 18. Proclaim the Gospel Tidings.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

W. H. EISELE.

1. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings, Till all the world shall hear
2. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings, To na-tions send a - fur.
3. Pro - claim the gos-pel ti - dings Of Je - sus and His love.

Of Christ, our blest Re - deem - er, Pro - claim Him far and near;
The mes - sage of the king - dom, Of Christ, the Morning Star.
And lead the ones who wan - der, To Christ and faithful prove;

Tell of the low-ly man - ger, Go tell of Cal - va - ry;
Tell those who in the dark - ness Are wait - ing for the light,
Till all life's days are end - ed, Pro-claim the ti-dings sweet;

Christ lived and died to save us, He sets the bondmen free.
That Je - sus Christ our Sav - ior, Would save them by his might.
At last with-in His man-sions, The Mas - ter you shall meet.

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Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. O man - sions of beau - ty in heav - en, Whose
 2. O gar - dens where an - gels are stray - ing, O
 3. O Sav - ior, who dwell - est in heav - en, More

walls are of jas - per and gold! O riv - ers and foun - tains of
 trees with your fruitage and bloom! O breez - es that blow your sweet
 fair than all heav - en's de - light, We long for thy pres - ence most

crys - tal, Whose mu - sic will nev - er grow old!
 cool - ness, O flow - ers so rich with per - fume!
 glo - rious, For - ev - er to live in thy light!

CHORUS.

O home of the bless - ed, So shin - ing and fair!..... We
 O home of the bless - ed, So shining and fair, so fair!

long... to be - hold thee, And dwell 'mid thy hap - pi - ness there!
 We long

No. 20.

Hinder not the Children.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Lov - ing hands to Je - sus led;
 2. As his lamb: the Shepherd watches, And pro - tects from ev - 'ry harm;
 3. Let us then like lov - ing chil - dren, To the dear Re - deem - er go,

In his arms he took and blessed them, And to those a - bout him said:
 So, a - round his lit - tle chil - dren Je - sus throws his shielding arm.
 Fear - less, trusting to his guid - ing, All our jour - ney here be - low.

CHORUS.

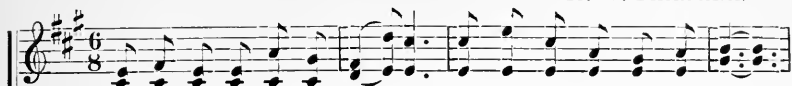
Hin - der not the lit - tle chil - dren, Suf - fer
 Hin - der not the lit - tle children.

them to come to me, Such a - lone..... my Father's
 come to me, Such a - lone,

king - dom, And his glo - rious face shall see.
 my Fa - ther's kingdom,

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H. W. FAIRBANK.



1. Down thro' the cen-tu-ries old - en, Sweet-er as a - ges roll on,
2. Ti-dings of joy to all peo - ple An - gels de-light-ed to bring;
3. "Ly-ing in Beth-lehem's Man-ger" This is the heav - en - ly sign,



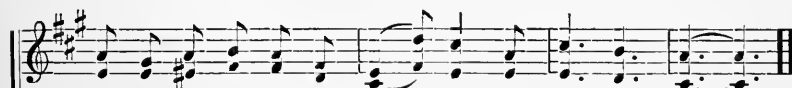
Comes the glad song of the an - gels, Prais-ing the In - car - nate Son.
 "Born in the cit - y of Da - vid, Je - sus, your Sav-ior and King;"
 Come, let us now with the an - gels Wor-ship the In - fant Di - vine.



CHORUS.



Won - der-ful Sav-ior! Won - der-ful Sav-ior!
 Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-ior!



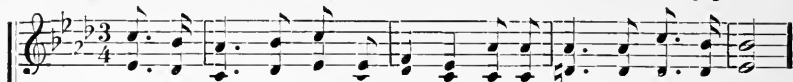
Glo - ry to God in the high - est, The Christ is come.



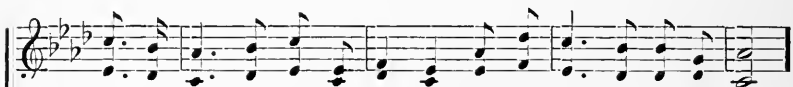
No. 22. Jesus, Name of all names Dearest.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR. By per.



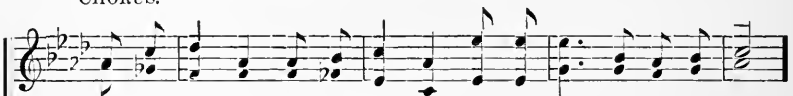
1. Je-sus, Name of all names dearest, Precious fount of life di - vine;
2. Je-sus, bruised for our transgressions. Smitten with the mocking reed;
3. Je-sus, clothed in pur - ple rai-ment. On His brow the crown of thorn;
5. Je-sus, now in that glad cit - y, Is the Lamb a-dored by all;



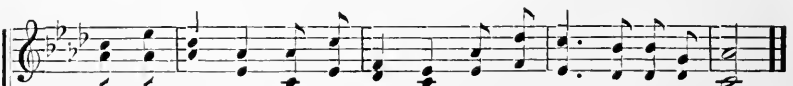
Je-sus, Well of peace se - ren - est, Sweetest draughts therefrom are mine.
For us mak - ing in - ter - ces - sion, Tell - ing there our ev - 'ry need.
For our sins He made the payment, All my sor - rows He hath borne.
Saints and an - gels chant His prais - es, And be - fore Him myr - iads fall.



CHORUS.



Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us, Pre - cious Lord of heav'n a - bove;



Je - sus loves us, Je - sus loves us, Oh, the rich - es of His love!



No. 23.

Trusting Jesus.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD, D. D.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Trusting in His grace,
 2. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, When the skies are bright;
 3. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Trust - ing ev - 'ry day,
 4. Trust - ing in the lov - ing Sav - ior, Till the hour is night

Trust - ing in the lov - ing kind - ness Beam - ing from His face.
 Trust - ing Him a - mid the dark - ness And the gloom - y night.
 With my Sav - ior close be - side me Walk - ing all the way.
 When the last of earth - ly vis - ions Fades be - fore the eye.

REFRAIN.

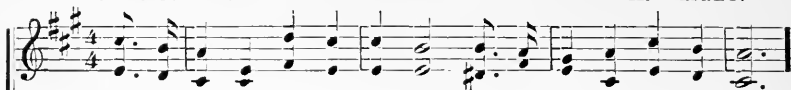
Trust - ing, shade or shine, Je - sus, Lord di - vine,
 Trusting Je - sus in the shade or shine, Trusting Je - sus, Lord of all di - vine,

Trust - ing, trust - ing, O soul of mine.
 Trusting Je - sus, trust - ing Je - sus, O soul, O soul of mine.

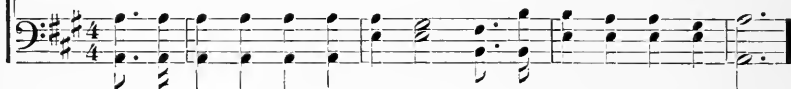
No. 24. The Kingdom of Heaven within.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

A. BEIRLY.



1. While I muse in ho - ly rap-ture, Pray-ing: Lord, thy kingdom come!
2. All the thrilling Bi - ble sto - ry, Shin-ing hosts, and crys-tal sea,
3. Not a thought of earth-ly pas-sion, No de-sire or wish im - pure,
4. Chris-tian sol-diers! on to con-quest; Quell the rag-ing hosts with-in,



Heav'n is not a far off coun-try, But in-vades my heart and home,
Blaz-ing "Great white Throne" of glory, By the eye of faith I see.
Not a cloud ob-seures my vis - ion, Nor dis-turbs my peace se - cure.
In your hearts set up God's king-dom, Nev-er yield the palm to Sin.



CHORUS.



Thy kingdom come, within my heart, Oh! reign there King of kings divine,



Yea! come Lord Je - sus ne'er de-part, Thou Sav - ior mine.



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No. 25.

Jewels for Jesus.

Rev. W. F. COSMER.

R. A. GLENN.

1. 'Tis the prom-ise of the Fa-ther, Giv-en in his word di-vine;
 2. When He gath-ers up His jew-els, Ev-'ry bright and pre-cious gem,
 3. Would you be a star in glo-ry, In the Sav-ior's king-dom thine;

Pledge of nev-er-fail-ing mer-cy. Those who love Me shall be Mine.
 Then shall shine in realms of glo-ry, Stars in Je-sus' di-a-dem.
 Trust in him, it is His prom-ise, Those who love Me shall be Mine.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, For his pre-cious love di-vine;
 Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, For his pre-cious love di-vine;

When He gath-ers up His jew-els, May I with the ran-somed shine.
 When He gathers up His jew-els.

No. 26.

Trusting in the Master.

L. B. MITCHELL.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. We'll sow the seeds of kind-ness in the blush of morn;
 2. We'll sow our seeds of kind-ness when the sun is high;
 3. We'll sow our seeds of kind-ness till the eve doth come,

Trust-ing in the Mas-ter, And kind-ly tend the plants the pass-er
 Trust-ing in the Mas-ter, We hope to reach by love each wea-ry
 Trust-ing in the Mas-ter, And bring our sheaves rejoicing to the

CHORUS.

by might scorn, Trust-ing in the Mas-ter. Trust-ing,
 pass-er by, Trust-ing in the Mas-ter.
 har-vest home, Trust-ing in the Mas-ter. Trust-ing, trust-ing,

trust-ing, Trust-ing day by day,.....
 ev-er trust-ing, Trust-ing, trust-ing day by day,

Trust-ing, trust-ing, Trust-ing in the Mas-ter.
 Trust-ing, trust-ing, ev-er trust-ing,

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No. 27.

Tell it to Jesus.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Tell it to Je - sus— all of thy sor - row, All of thy
 2. Tell it to Je - sus, He is thy Sav - ior, Tell it, and
 3. Tell it to Je - sus When the dark bil - lows Rise to thy

cares what e'er they be, Sure - ly and sweet - ly, He will de -
 His sal - va - tion see; Do not de - ny Him, do not de -
 view, on death's dark sea; Tell it be - liev - ing, tell it re -

D. S. On - ly be - lieve Him, trust and re -

Fine.

liv - er, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
 fy Him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.
 ceiv - ing Grace to sus - tain and com - fort thee.

ciere Him, He will sus - tain and com - fort thee.

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,
 Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear.....
 Tell it to Je - sus, He will hear, He will hear.

D. S.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, to Beth - le - hem came, Born in a
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Paid the great
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, the same as of old, While I did
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the

mau - ger to sor - row and shame, Oh, it was won - der - ful,
 debt, and my soul he set free; Oh, it was won - der - ful,
 wan - der a - far from the fold, Gen - tly and long he hath
 prom - ise as wea - ry years fly: Oh, I shall see him de -

blest be his name, Seek - ing for me, for me, Seek - ing for me,
 how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me, Dy - ing for me,
 plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me, Call - ing for me,
 scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me, Com - ing for me,

me..... for me.....

seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me:
 dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me:
 call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me:
 com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me:

FROM GOOD WILL. BY PER.

- Seeking for Me—Concluded.

Oh, it was won-der-ful, blest be his name, Seek-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won-der-ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gen-tly and long he hath plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see him de-scend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me.

No. 29. We shall Meet our Loved and Lost.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE

Allegretto.

1. Where the saved their joys are tell-ing, In that far off hap-py land,
2. Where the gold-en harps are ring-ing, And the songs of praise a - rise,
3. Oh, the joy, the bliss of meet-ing, With the loved ones that are gone,

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Where our loved and lost are dwell-ing, Joy-ful we shall some day stand,
 Where the an - gel hosts are sing-ing, We shall meet be-yond the skies,
 O - ver there 'mid fields E - ly - sian, Nev - er - more to wait a - lone.

Far be-yond earth's bil-lows swelling, We shall clasp a-gain each hand.
 'Midst the flow'rs e - ter - nal spring-ing On the plains of par - a - dise.
 Long-ing, 'mid earth's storms and shadows For the day of life to dawn.

(Whose names are in the Book of Life. PHIL. 4: 3.)

Arr. by ORLANDO.

O. S. GRINNELL.

1. Bless-ed prom - ise of the Sav - ior, Writ in hal-low'd pa-ges stand:
 2. Wilt thou ev - er leave me? *Ner-er*, I can trust my all to thee;
 3. Not the shad - ow of a turn-ing Knows th'e-ter-nal love di - vine;

"I will nev - er, nev-er leave thee; None sha'l pluck thee from my hands."
 Past and pres - ent and for ev - er Lord, thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.
 Pit - y in thy bo-som burn-ing, Made me. keeps me ev-er thine.

CHORUS.

Safe en - rolled..... my name is writ - ten,
 Safe en-rolled my name is writ-ten, Safe en-rolled my name is writ ten,

In the Book..... of Life Di - vine,.....
 In the Book of Life Di-vine, in the Book of Life Di-vine,

Noth-ing shall..... pre-vail to sev - er,
 Noth-ing shall pre-vail to sev - er, nothing shall pre-vail to sev - er,

Copyright, 1891, by O. S. GRINNELL.

Safe Enrolled—Concluded.

From Thy love,..... this soul of mine.....
 From Thy love, this soul of mine.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/2. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef. There are triplets of eighth notes in the first and third measures of both staves.

No. 31. Dear Savior, at thy Feet.

IDA L. REED.
Moderato.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Dear Sav - ior, at thy feet In hum - ble prayer I plead for
 2. Let me not plead in vain, My sins for - give Dear Lord, and

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef.

mer - cy sweet, Wilt thou not hear? Wilt thou not hear and save, Help
 teach my soul For thee to live; And I will sing thy praise For -

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef.

me to be A ser - vant faith - ful e'er, And true to thee?
 ev - er - more, Thro' glad e - ter - nal days On life's fair shore.

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the Treble clef, and the bass line is in the Bass clef.

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No. 32. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, Who thy flock doth keep, In the smil - ing
 2. Who so true and ten - der, Bless - ed Christ as thee, Dy - ing for thy
 3. Je - sus, gra - cious Shep - herd, Hear us while we pray, Be thou still our

pas - tures, By still wa - ters deep. Watch - ing, ev - er guard - ing,
 peo - ple, Lamb of Cal - va - ry. Great - er love can nev - er.
 por - tion, Wash our sins a - way. Wilt thou with thy pres - ence,

Lov - ing - ly thine own, None who trust thy guidance Ev - er walk a - lone.
 Nev - er more be shown Than to die in an - guish, To re - deem thine own.
 Coun - sel and de - fend, Hold us keep us, Sav - ior—Thine un - til the end.

REFRAIN.

Je - sus, ten - der Shep - herd, Who art ev - er near, Those who love and

trust thee, They shall feel no fear. Keep us thine for - ev - er.

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Jesus Tender Shepherd—Concluded.

To thy cross we cling We would seek protection 'Neath thy shelt'ring wing.

No. 33. Jesus Redeemeth all who Believe.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Tell it with glad-ness, speak of it ev-er, Je-sus re-
 2. No one so low-ly, none so un-ho-ly. Go-eth to
 3. Come all ye wear-y, lost and for-sak-en, Here may your

deem-eth all who be-lieve, Those who, re-pent-ant, pray for sal-
 Je-sus, pray-eth in vain, Spite of the foul-ness sin has be-
 spir-its peace-ful-ly rest, Come then be-liev-ing, trust-ing in

REFRAIN.

va-tion, Je-sus will free-ly hear and for-give. Tell it with
 queath'd you. Je-sus will whol-ly cleause ev-'ry stain.
 Je-sus, Life will grow brighter, rich-er and blest.

glad-ness, speak of it ev-er, Je-sus re-deem-eth, all who be-lieve.

No. 34.

Nearer the Cross.

Mrs. F. J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
 2. Near - er the Chris - tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,
 3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er,

Near - er the cross from day to day. I am com - ing near - er,
 Feast - ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
 Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;

Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
 Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus who gave him -
 Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I

crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
 self for me; Near - er to him I still would be:
 long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear.

I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. O the light from the bright world a-bove me Has il - lu - mined my
 2. Like the dawn of a beau - ti - ful morn - ing, When the pil - grim is
 3. Shine on in thy beau ty and splen - dor, O light from the

path - way to - day; It has light - ed the darkness of na - ture
 near - ing his home, So the pathway be - fore me is light - ed
 bright world a - bove. Till at last I shall bathe in its glo - ry,

CHORUS.

And chased all the shad - ows a - way. O the light.... has dawn'd up -
 And no more from the way need I roam.
 The ra - dian - ce of in - fi - nite love. O the light has dawn'd up -

on me, And it cheers... my homeward way; And 'twill
 on me, And it cheers, it cheers my homeward, homeward way,

ev - er shine the bright - er Till I reach... the per - fect day....
 And 'twill ever shine the bright - er Till I reach, I reach the perfect, perfect day.

No. 36. My Heavenly Father-land.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

F. J. KRUEGER.

1. O, beau - teous land! a - bove the star - ry heav - ens,
 2. Thou pleas - ant land! for thee I'm ev - er long - ing,
 3. Be - lov - ed land! where dear - est friends are gath - ered,
 4. O, land of peace! In hours of hot - est bat - tle,

Be-decked with glo - ries rich and rare - ly grand,
 While roam - ing home - sick on earth's storm-tossed strand,
 I'm wend - ing home, with pil - grim staff in hand,
 Soft airs from thee, my burn - ing brows have fanned,

Thou still art near, de - spite the wide blue dis - tance,
 Oft, through my tears, I see thy glo - ries beam - ing;
 Through re - gions foul, where sin and death hold rev - el,
 And strains I've caught, sung by ce - les - tial harp - ers,

Thou art in - deed, my soul's dear fa - ther - land.
 O, sun - ny, gold - en, heav'n - ly fa - ther - land.
 To thy pure bliss, e - ter - nal fa - ther - land.
 Where Peace a - lone is found; O, fa - ther - land.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Come with re-joic-ing, come with delight, Na-ture is waking, glad and bright;
 2. Guarded from danger, sheltered and blest, Un-der his banner, calm, we rest,
 3. O! what a Sav-ior, gra-cious to all, O! how his blessings 'round us fall,
 4. Still may his mer-cy, ten-der-ly flow, Still may he guide us here be-low;

Hearts o-ver-flow-ing gath-er to-day, Fill us with rapture. Lord, we pray.
 Come we be-fore him, come with a song, Tell how he leads us all day long.
 Gen-tly to com-fort, kind-ly to cheer, Sleep-ing or wak-ing, God is near.
 Then when our journey safe-ly is past May we be gathered home at last.

CHORUS.

Praise our Re-deem-er, tell of his love, Praise our Redeemer, God a-bove;

Tell of his mer-cy, boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee;

rall.
 Tell of his mer-cy boundless and free, None can protect us, Lord, like thee.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Won - der - ful the sto - ry, How the Sav - ior came,
 2. How his friend be - tray'd him, Lured by earth - ly dross,
 3. Now to heav'n as - cend - ed, He in - vites us there,

Leav - ing Heav - en's glo - ry, Bore our sin and shame;
 How the sol - diers nailed him To the blood - y cross;
 When this life is end - ed, All its joys to share;

Suf - ered base re - vil - ing, Cru - el words and scorn,
 How he died, for - giv - ing, Friends un - true and foes;
 What a won - drous sto - ry! Sing it o'er and o'er

Blows from hands de - fil - ing, Wore a crown of thorn.
 How he rose tri - umph - ing, All cre - a - tion knows.
 In the cross we'll glo - ry; All our sins he bore.

REFRAIN.

Oh! how he loved, loved poor sinful man, E - ven loves me. Loveth thee and me.
 Jesus loveth sinners still, Jesus loveth sinners still,

No. 39. Jesus, Lover of my Soul.

C. WESLEY.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hungs my help-less soul on Thee:
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want: More than all in Thee I find:
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:

While the near - er wa - ters roll While the tem - pest still is high;
 Leave, O leave me not a - lone; Still sup - port and com - fort me:
 Raise the fall - en, cheer the faint, Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.

Hide me. O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on Thee is stayed; All my hope from Thee I bring;
 Just and ho - ly is Thy name: I am all un - right - eous - ness;
 Thou of life the foun - tain art; Free - ly let me take of Thee:

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
 Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 False, and full of sin I am; Thou art full of truth and grace.
 Spring Thou up with - in my heart: Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 40. Walking with the Savior.

Rev. M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, In the true and liv - ing way?
 2. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, Are you dai - ly do - ing good?
 3. Are you walking with the Sav - ior, Does your heart within you burn,

Fine.
 Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com - pan - ion ev - 'ry day?
 Is your light a - round you burn - ing Just as bright - ly as it should?
 While the sweetness of com - pas - sion From His lov - ing lips you learn?

D. S. Is the meek and low - ly Je - sus Your com - pan - ion ev - 'ry day?

Is your life that con - se - cra - tion To the cause of Him you love,
 Are the poor in cot - tage low - ly, And the stran - ger by the way,
 Do you wish that at the ev - 'ning, When the twi - light shad - ows fall,

Which would give you con - so - la - tion, Look - ing at it from a - bove?
 Ev - er blest with words of kind - ness Which in love they've heard you say?
 That the Sav - ior would be with you, And o - be - dient to your call?

By Per. of W. A. OGDEN.

Walking with the Saviour—Concluded.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Are you walk-ing with the Sav - ior, In the true and liv - ing way?

No. 41. Rejoice and be Glad.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR.

English Melody.

1. Re - joice and be glad! The Re-deem-er has come! Go look on his
2. Re - joice and be glad! It is sun-shine at last! The clouds have de-
3. Re - joice and be glad! For the blood has been shed; Re-demp-tion is
4. Re - joice and be glad! Now the par-don is free! The just for the

CHORUS.

era - dle, his cross and his tomb. Sound his prais-es, tell the sto - ry, Of
part - ed, the shad-ows are past.
finished, the price hath been paid.
un-just hath died on the tree.

him who was slain; Sound his praises, tell with gladness, He liv-eth a - gain.

No. 42. Is my Name Written There?

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold;
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea,
 3. Oh! that beau - ti - ful cit - y, With its man - sions of light,

I would make sure of heav - en, I would en - ter the fold.
 But Thy blood, Oh, my Sav - ior, Is suf - fi - cient for me;
 With its glo - ri - fied be - ings, In pure gar - ments of white;

In the book of Thy king - dom, With its pa - ges so fair,
 For Thy prom - ise is writ - ten, In bright let - ters that glow,
 Where no e - vil thing com - eth, To de - spoil what is fair;

Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Is my name writ - ten there?
 'Tho' your sins be as scar - let, I will make them like snow."
 Where the an - gels are watch - ing. Yes, my name's writ - ten there.

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?
 CHORUS for 2nd & 3rd
 Verses: Yes, my name's, &c.

Is my Name Written There?—Concluded.

In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?
2nd and 3d V.—Yes, my name's, &c.

No. 43. Jesus, I my sins Confessing.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Je - sus, I my sins con-fess-ing, Kneel be-fore thy mer-cy seat,
2. Humb-ly now I seek thy fa - vor, Hide not thou thy gen-tle face.
3. I would be thy ser - vent ev - er, Take my soul, dear Lord! 'tis thine

Pour up-on my heart thy bless-ing, Grant me thy for-give-ness sweet.
Let me know thy peace, dear Sav-ior, Let me feel thy pard'ning grace,
Pure and ho - ly for thy king-dom, Keep it by thy love di - vine.

CHORUS.

For - give me, Lord, I pray, I cry to thee,

Take all my sins a - way, Thine would I be.

F. J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! O what a fore-taste of
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rapt-ure now
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at-rest, I in my Sav-ior am

glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
 burst on my sight. An-gels de-scend-ing bright from a-bove,
 hap-py and blest. Watch-ing and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,

CHORUS.

Born of his Spir-it, washed in his blood. This is my sto-ry,
 Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love.
 Filled with his good-ness, lost in his love.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my

sto-ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

No. 45. Oh, the Music over There!

Mrs. HARRIET E. JONES.

F. A. and J. H. FILLMORE.



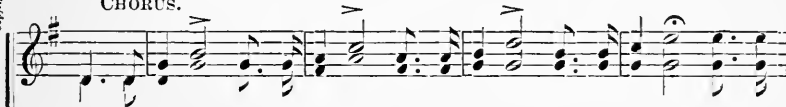
1. Oh, the mu - sic o - ver yon - der In the ha - ven of the blest!
2. Where the healing streams are flowing, Where the tree of life is seen;
3. Where the sav'd u-nite in prais-ing Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain,
4. Oh, I love to tell the sto - ry, E - ven in this world of care;



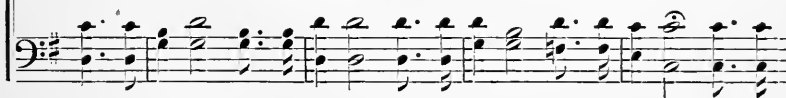
How the saints will pause in won - der, As they en - ter in - to rest!
 Where the sil - v'ry sands are glow - ing, And the fields are al - ways green.
 From the depths their souls up - rais - ing—Spotless garments theirs a - gain.
 But in yon - der realms of glo - ry Sweet - er far to sing it there.



CHORUS.



Saints re-joic-ing! an-gels sing-ing! Victors shout-ing! bells a-ring-ing! Oh, the



mu - sic o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, the mu - sic o - ver there, over there.



No. 46.

Purity.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

J. B. CAMPBELL.

1. Chil-dren, guard your tho'ts and words, Keep them pure, keep them pure,
 3. Keep your lips from speak-ing guile, Keep them pure, keep them pure;
 4. Fa-ther, hear our children's pray'r, Cleanse their souls, keep them pure;

Sin-less as the flow'rs and birds, Grow in Je-sus' like-ness,
 Read-y ev-er with a smile, All that's good ap-prov-ing;
 Make us meet to en-ter, where Stain-less love a-bid-eth;

Like the pearls of price-less worth, Dear-er than all gems of earth,
 Quick to an-swer mer-cy's call, Slow to judge your broth-er's fall,
 Help us trust thy prom-ise sure, Those whose tho'ts and words are pure,

Treas-ure tho'ts of heav'nly birth, Tho'ts of truth and kind-ness.
 Bless-ing, breath-ing o-ver all, Ev-er ten-der, lov-ing.
 In thy pres-ence, shall se-cure Joy that nev-er fad-eth.

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No. 47. Tell it to the Lord.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Has thy life a hid - den sor - row, Is thy soul be - neath a cloud?
 2. Are there thorns thy path be - strew - ing, Stones to wound thy wea ry feet,
 3. Art thou sad and heav - y la - den, Light will fol - low af - ter this,

Waits for thee no glad to - mor - row, Shadows dark thy way en - shroud;
 Burn - ing tears thine eyes be - dew - ing, Bit - ter drops with ev - 'ry sweet.
 And thy joy will e'er be deep - er, In the heav'n - ly realms of bliss.

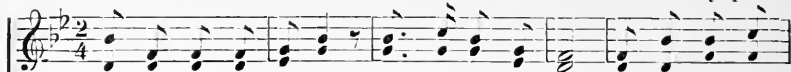
Tell it to the Lord thy Sav - ior, He will all thy griefs dis - pel,
 Tell it to the Lord thy Sav - ior, He doth all thy trou - bles see.
 Tell it to the Lord thy Sav - ior, He thy spir - it will sus - tain;

Till thy heart with joy tri - umph - ant, For he do - eth all things well.
 And his ten - der grace shall ev - er, For thy day suf - fi - cient be.
 Trust him tho' the shadows gath - er, It will soon be light a - gain.

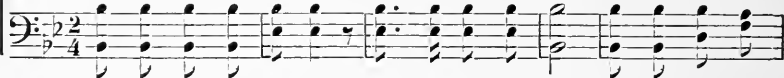
No. 48. Anywhere, Dear Jesus.

E. C. ELLSWORTH.

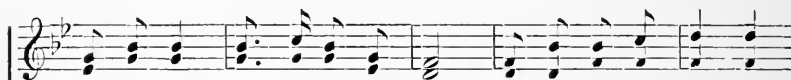
Rev. O. S. GRINNELL. By per.



1. An-y-where, dear Je-sus, Lead my wea-ry feet, On - ly let me
2. An-y-where, dear Je-sus, On - ly this I pray, Keep me in the
3. An-y-where, dear Je sus, If At last I come Where I see thee



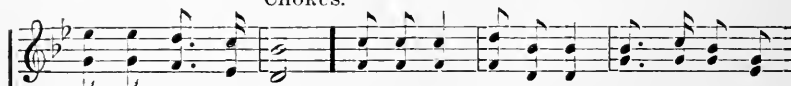
clasp Thy hand, Feel Thy pres - ence sweet; Thorns may pierce and
nar - row path, Let me nev - er stray; Sin may plead with
face to face, In my heav'n - ly home; There are ma - ny



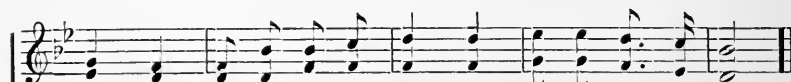
snare be set, I will fol - low Thee, An - y-where, dear Sav - ior.
si - ren voice, I will an - swer, nay, Kept by Thee, my Sav - ior,
mansions' bright, There remains a rest, There with Thee, my Sav - ior,



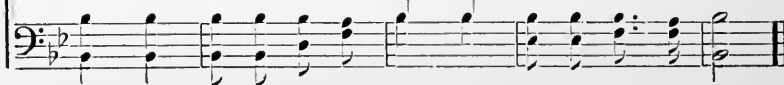
CHORUS.



If thou lead - est me. An-y-where, ev-'ry-where, I will fol - low
I will hold my way.
I'll be tru - ly blest.



Je - sus, An - y-where, dear Sav - ior, I will fol - low Thee.



IDA L. REED.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Bound 'neath the world's many burdens, Tired with the long, wea-ry way,
2. Pray to thy Fa-ther in heav-en, Kneel in thy glad-ness or woe,
3. Prayer is the soul's shield and armor, Sure when 'tis troubled and tried,
4. Then, when thou'rt sadden'd and weary, Tired with the cares of each day,



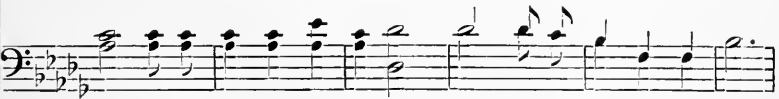
Soul, there is balm for thy sor-row, Kneel in thy weak-ness and pray.
 Ev - er will fol-low thy pleadings, Joy that the world can - not know.
 Sav - ing the footsteps from straying, Cast - ing temp-ta - tion a-side.
 Bend to thy Sav - ior thy bur-dens, Go to thy clos - et and pray.



CHORUS.



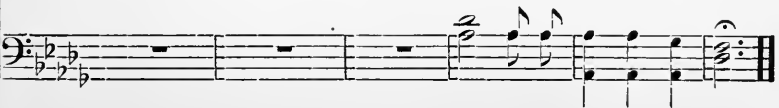
Je - sus will hear and will help thee, Bring him thy sor-row and care;



rit.....



Peace e'er a - bid-ing he's promis'd, Go thou and find it in prayer.



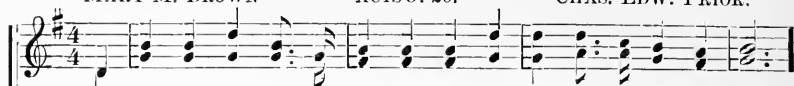
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No. 50. "Go, Stand and Speak."

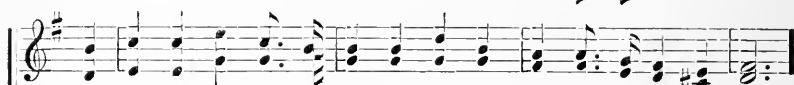
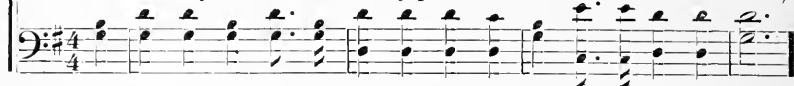
MARY M. BROWN

ACTS 5: 20.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



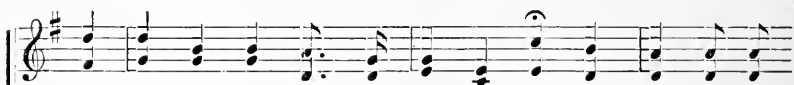
1. It may not be on the mountain height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to - day there are lov-ing words That Jesus would have me speak;
3. There's surely some where a low-ly place In earth's harvest field so wide,



It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer that I should seek;
Wh'e I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the cru - ci - fied.



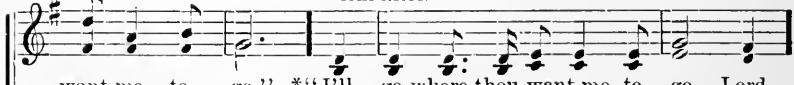
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if thou wilt be my guide. Tho' dark and obscure the way,
So trust-ing my all to Thy ten - der care And knowing Thou lovest me,



I'll an - swer, "Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where thou
My voice shall ech - o thy mes - sage sweet, "I'll say what thou
I'll do thy will with a heart sin - cere, "I'll be what thou



REFRAIN.



want me to go." * "I'll go where thou want me to go, Lord,
want me to say."
want me to be "



Copyright 1891, by GEO. F. ROSEB.

* Rev. F. E. Clark, D. D., tells of hearing the words of this refrain repeated by a young lady in a consecration meeting at the Iowa State Convention Y. P. S. C. E., 1890.

Go, Stand and Speak—Concluded.

O - ver mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what thou want

me to say, Lord, I'll be what thou want me to be."

No. 51.

Lo, We Come.

IDA. L. REED.

(For the Little Ones.)

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Lo, we come, a child-ish band, In - to thy loved halls, dear
 2. Lord thy lit - tle lambs are we, Small and weak but ev - er
 3. We would fol - low thy com-mand, All our lives are in thy

Sav - ior, Ear - ly seek - ing thy sweet fa - vor, We would
 will - ing, Some small task to be ful - fill - ing For thy
 keep - ing, Pray - ing, work - ing, wak - ing, sleep - ing. We are

be, we would be. Thus o - bey - ing thy com - mand.
 sake, for thy sake. Teach us what to do for thee.
 thine, whol - ly thine: Lead us by thy lov - ing hand.

Copyright, 1891, by O.E.O. F. ROSSIGNOL.

IDA L. REED. *Chorus arr.*

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I'm near-er my home to - day, The jour-ney will soon be o'er.
 2. When fad-eth each day's last beam, My way wea-ry feet have press'd
 3. I'm near-er that fond loved land, I'm near-er its gates of light,

Each hour as it glides a - way, Brings near-er its shin - ing shore.
 Still clos-er the mys - tic stream, That bor-ders the land of rest.
 And soon its bright sil-v'ry strand, Shall glad-den my spir - it's sight.

CHORUS.

I'm near - - er my home,..... I'm
 I'm near - er my home, my heav - en - ly home, I'm

near - - er my home,..... I'm near - - er my
 near - er my home, My heav - en - ly home, I'm near - er my home, my

Rit.
 home to day, Than ev - er I was be - fore.

Copyright, 1901, by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Have you heard the Mas-ter's call Sound-ing clear, sound-ing clear,
 2. Day and night He's call-ing sweet, "Will you come, will you come?"
 3. Do not let him call in vain, Sin-ful one, sin-ful one;

"Bring to me your bur-dens all, I will cheer, I will cheer;
 I will guide your wand'ring feet To my home, to my home;
 If God's mer-cy you would gain, Love the Son, love the Son;

Leave your darksome ways of sin, Let the light of love shine in;
 There you'll nev-er sor-row more, But will walk the gold-en shore;
 There is joy in ser-vice true, There is wealth and com-fort too,

Strive the heaven-ly goal to win, Come, quick-ly come!"
 I will ope the pearl-y door, Come, quick-ly come!"
 There is ev-'ry hope for you, Come, quick-ly come!

No. 54. Is not this the Land of Beulah?

Anon.

Arranged.

1. I am dwell-ing on the mountain, Where the gold-en sun-light gleams,
 2. I can see far down the mountain, Where I wan-dered wea-ry years,
 3. I am drink-ing at the foun-tain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose wondrous beauty Far ex-ceeds my fond-est dreams;
 Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
 For I've tast - ed life's sweet riv-er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

Where the air is pure, e - the-real, La-den with the breath of flowers,
 Bro-ken vows and dis - ap-pointments Thickly sprinkled all the way,
 There's no thirst-ing for life's pleasures, Nor a - dorn-ing rich and gay.

CHO. — *Is not this the land of Beau-lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,*

D. S. Chorus.

They are bloom ing by the fountain, 'Neath the am - a - ranthine bow'rs.
 But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
 For I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

4. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
 Nor the burdens hard to bear,
 For I've found this great salvation,
 Makes each burden light appear;
 And I love to follow Jesus,
 Gladly counting all but dross,
 Worldly honors all forsaking
 For the glory of the Cross.

5. Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
 Oft I've proved this to be true;
 When I'm in the way so narrow,
 I can see a pathway through;
 And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
 Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
 For I've tried the way before thee,
 And the glory lingers near.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his coun-sels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings se - cure-ly
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per - ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With his sheep se - cure-ly hold you,
 hide you; Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you,
 found you. Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you. Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet,..... Till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain, till we meet;

meet,..... till we meet, God be with you till we meet a gain.
 Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,

* Copyrighted by Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D. D., By per.

No. 56. View from the "Delectable Mountains,"

(PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.)

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

C. A. WEISS.

1. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! thou queen
 2. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! I hear
 3. Je - ru - sa-lem! Je - ru - sa-lem! my Home

of glo - ry, By faith mine eyes be - hold, The dream of Sa - cred
 sweet sing - ing, My spir - it al - most faints. With fer - ven - cy of
 e - ter - nal! No clouds of earth can hide Thy ra - di - ance su -

Sto - ry; Thy walls of polished gold, From terrae'd hills up - springing, Thy
 long - ing, And en - vy of the saints; In ec - sta - cy of pleas - ure, The
 per - nal. Thou beauteous, virgin bride! No din of bus - y toil - ers, No

shin - ing pearly gates, For - ev - er o - pen swing - ing Where Jesus me a -
 el - ders song I hear; The grand triumphal measure, Of those who battled
 bat - tle's thunder quells The music of the harp - ers, The wond'rous cho - rus'

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"Delectable Mountains."—Concluded.

rit.
 waits. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!.....
 here. Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem!.....
 swell. Je - ru - sa - lem? Je - ru - sa - lem!.....

No. 57. Children's Offering.

Laura E. Newell.

(Children's Day.)

R. A. Glenn.

1. Come all ye children, chant the refrain, Sound ye His praises gladly a-gain,
2. Hap-py our hearts this glad Children's day, Flow'rs in profusion, bright in array,
3. Shout, shout hosanna, tell of His love, All of his bless-ings faith-ful-ly prove,

He who in heav'n and earth doth reign, Now claims our grateful lays.
 Sun-light is gleam-ing where we stray, To glad-den all a-round.
 All of our needs doth he sup-ply, Who rules a-bove the skies.

CHORUS.

Shout shout His praises, Joy-ful-ly sing, Un-to the Sav-ior our off'ring bring,

Je-sus who loves us, we'll crown our King. And praise his ho-ly name.

No. 58. Oh, I Would Sing of Jesus!

LAURA E. NEWELL.
Andante. **f**

SOLO.

C. A. WEISS.

1. Oh, I would sing of Je - sus, The mighty King of
2. I'd tell the little children That Christ for them has
3. I'd bid the heav-y la-den, To come to Christ and

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Kings; I'd tell His wondrous sto - ry And of the peace he
died; Up - on the cross he lan-guished Was scourged and cru-ci-
rest; He calls in ten - der ac - cents To those by griefs op-

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

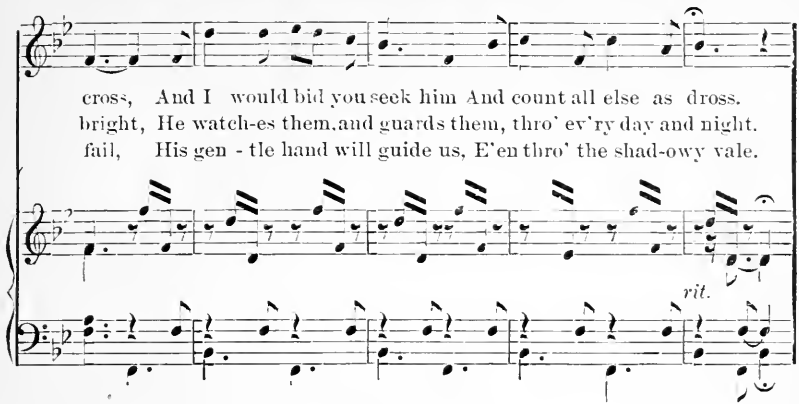
rit. *f* *a tempo.*

brings, Of Beth - le-hem and Cal - va-ry, The man - ger and the
fied; He loves the chil-dren ev - er, His jew - els pure and
pressed; His love is all sus - tain - ing, His prom - ise will not

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

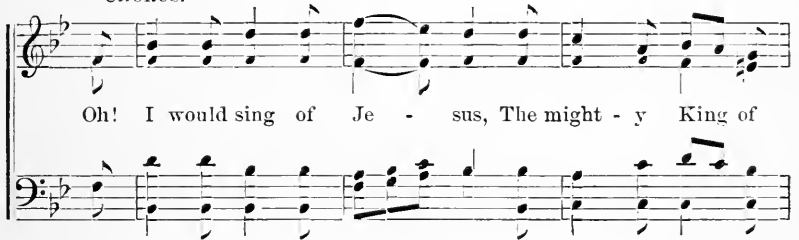
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Oh, I Would sing of Jesus—Concluded.



cross, And I would bid you seek him And count all else as dross.
bright, He watch-es them, and guards them, thro' ev'ry day and night.
fail, His gen - tle hand will guide us, E'en thro' the shad-ow-y vale.


CHORUS.



Oh! I would sing of Je - sus, The might - y King of



kings; I'd tell His won - drous sto - ry, And



of the peace He brings.

D. S. *Coda.* *rit.*

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There's a call comes ringing o'er the restless wave, "Send the light!
 2. We have heard the Ma-ce-do-nian call to - day, "Send the light,
 3. Let us pray that grace may ev'ry-where abound, Send the light,
 4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love, Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
 Send the light!" And a gold - en off'ring at the cross we lay,
 Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry-where be found,
 Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

CHORUS.*

Send the light!.....Send the light!..... We will spread the
 Send the light! Send the light! We will spread... the ev-er

ev-er-last-ing light, With a will - ing, will-ing heart and hand.
 last - ing light With a will - - ing heart and hand..... Giving

*The first eight measures of chorus may be omitted.

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Send the Light—Concluded.



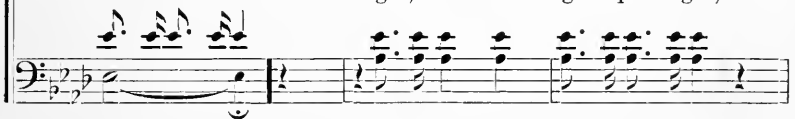
Giv-ing God the glo-ry ev - er - more. We will fol-low.



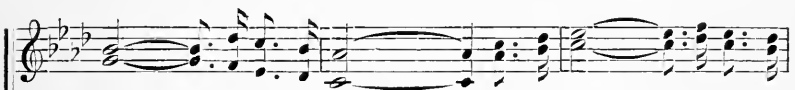
God..... the glo-ry ev - er - more. We will fol-low his com-



follow his command. Send the light, ... the blessed gos - pel light, Let it



mand..... Send the light, the bless-ed gos-pel light,



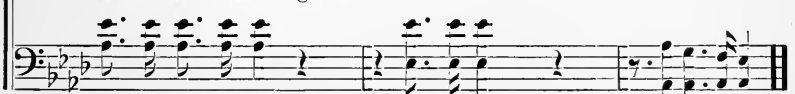
shine..... from shore to shore! Send the light!..... and let its



Let it shine from shore to shore! Send the light! and



ra - diant beams Light the world..... for ev - er - more.....



let its ra-diant beams Light the world for ev-er-more.

E. R. LATTA.

A. BEIRLY.

1. Let us seek the land that is fair and bright, Tho' there shines no sun-ny
 2. Let us seek the land that is free of sin, And the dwellers free of
 3. Let us seek the land where no storm-wind blows, And no blighting frost can

ray; Let us tar - ry not till the gloom - y night, Let us
 care; There the par-don'd souls that have en - ter'd in, Ev - er -
 fall, Where the tree of life by the riv - er grows, And where

CHORUS.

start at ear - ly day. Land of Beau-ty; Land of
 last - ing bliss shall share.
 gleams the jas - per wall. Land of beau - ty. Land

Beau-ty; There a fade - less crown is on each brow. Land of
 of beau - ty; There a fade-less crown is on each brow, Land

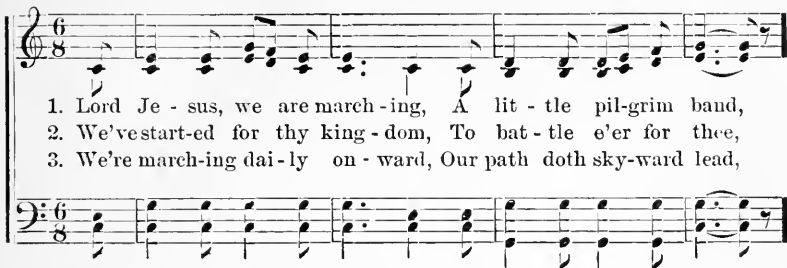
Beau-ty. Let us seek it— Seek that Land of Beau-ty now.
 of beau-ty, Let us seek it—

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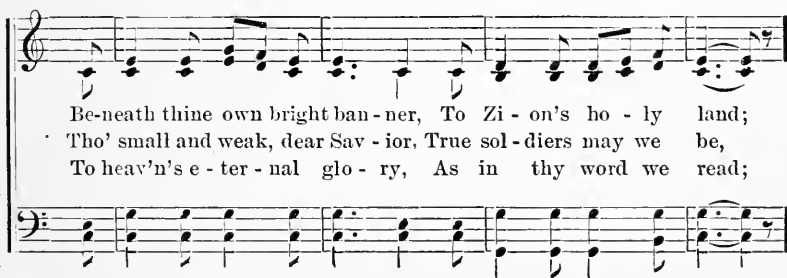
No. 61. Lord Jesus, we are Marching.

IDA L. REED.

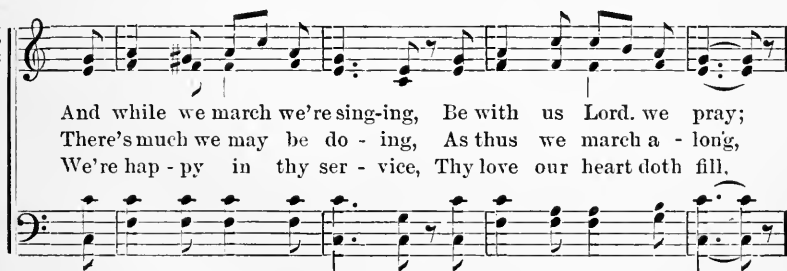
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



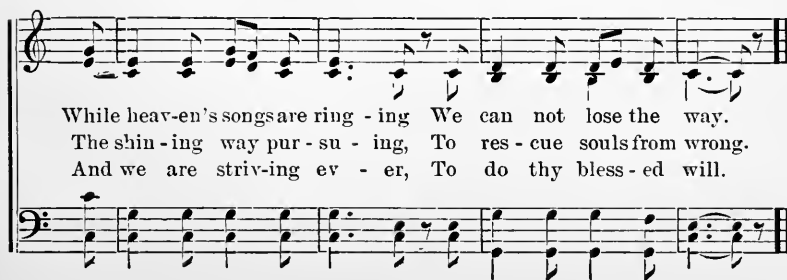
1. Lord Je - sus, we are march - ing, A lit - tle pil - grim band,
2. We've start - ed for thy king - dom, To bat - tle e'er for thee,
3. We're march - ing dai - ly on - ward, Our path doth sky - ward lead,



Be - neath thine own bright ban - ner, To Zi - on's ho - ly land;
Tho' small and weak, dear Sav - ior, True sol - diers may we be,
To heav'n's e - ter - nal glo - ry, As in thy word we read;



And while we march we're sing - ing, Be with us Lord, we pray;
There's much we may be do - ing, As thus we march a - long,
We're hap - py in thy ser - vice, Thy love our heart doth fill,



While heav - en's songs are ring - ing We can not lose the way.
The shin - ing way pur - su - ing, To res - cue souls from wrong.
And we are striv - ing ev - er, To do thy bless - ed will.

No. 62. The Hallowed Spot.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. D. D.

Arr. by T. C. O'KANE.



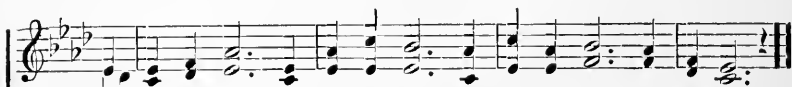
1. There is a spot for me more dear Than native vale or mountain
2. Hard was my toil to reach the shore, Long toss'd upon the o-sean;
3. Sink-ing and pant-ing as for breath I knew not help was near me;
4. O sa-cred hour! O hallowed spot! Where love divine first found me;



A spot for which affection's tear Springs grateful from its fountain.
 A-bove me was the thunder's roar, Beneath, the waves' commotion.
 I cried, "Oh save me, Lord, from death, Im-mor-tal Je-sus, hear me."
 Wher-ever falls my dis-tant lot My heart shall lin-ger round thee



'Tis not where kin-dred souls abound, Tho' that is al-most heaven,
 Dark-ly the pall of night was thrown A-round me faint with ter-ror;
 Then quick as tho't I felt him mine, My Sav-ior stood be-fore me;
 And when from earth I rise, to soar Up to my home in heav-en,



But where I first my Sav-ior found, And felt my sins for-giv-en.
 In that dark hour how did my groan As-cend for years of er-ror.
 I saw his brightness round me shine, And shouted "Glo-ry, glo-ry."
 Down will I cast my eyes once more, Where I was first for-giv-en.



No. 63. What tho' the Way be Weary.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. What tho' the way be wea - ry, Thy Fa-ther walks be - side,
2. Tho' clouds hang dark a - bove thee, Be brave, He know-eth best,

And thro' the sha - dows drea - ry, Thy fal-t'ring steps He'll guide.
He tries be - cause He loves thee, Find in His arms thy rest.

CHORUS.

Then for - ward, press for - ward, His love lights the way, That

lead - eth to glo - ry and In - fi-nite day; Oh, fear not nor dread not the

path He has trod, "Twill lead thee to heav - en, to heav - en and God."

No. 64. "From all that Dwell Below the Skies."

V. WEBER, arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. E-ter - nal are..... thy mer-cies, Lord,
 E-ter - nal are thy mer - cies, Lord,
 2. Your loft - y themes..... ye mor - tals bring,
 Your loft - y themes, ye mor - tals, bring,
 3. In ev - 'ry land..... be - gin the song,
 In ev - 'ry land be - gin the song,

E-ter - nal truth at-tends thy Word;
 E-ter - nal truth at - tends thy Word;
 In songs of praise di-vine - ly sing;
 In songs of praise di - vine ly sing;
 To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long;
 To ev - 'ry land the strains be-long;

Thy praise shall sound..... from shore to shore,
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Sal - va - tion free..... a-loud pro-claim.
 Sal va - tion free a - loud pro-claim,
 In cheer-ful sounds..... all voic - es raise,
 In cheer - ful sounds all voic - es raise,

Till sun shall rise..... and set no more.
 Till sun shall rise
 And shout for joy..... the Sav - ior's name.
 And shout for joy
 And fill the world with loud - est praise.
 And fill the world

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From all that Dwell—Concluded.

CHORUS.

From all that dwell..... be-low the skies,

From all that dwell be-low the skies

Let the Cre - a - - - tor's praise a - rise;

Let the Cre-a - - - tor's praise a-rise;

Let the Re - deem - - - er's name be sung,

Let the Re-deem - - - er's name be sung

Thro' ev - 'ry land,..... by ev - 'ry tongue.
by ev - 'ry tongue.

Thro' ev - 'ry land

Mrs. JOSEPH K. KNAPP.

1. Wondrous words! how rich in blessing! Deeper than th'unfathomed sea;
 2. Down to low - est depths it reaches—The all - lov - ing Father's arm,
 3. Wea - ry spir - its, sad with toil - ing, 'Mid the sor - rows of life's way—

Broad - er than its world of wa - ters, Boundless, in - fi - nite and free:
 Toward his reb - el children yearning, Drawing them with ma - gic charm;
 Feel their heav - y bur - dens lightened, As they jour - ney day by day,

High - er than the heav'ns a - bove, Is that *Ev - er - last - ing Love*;
 Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by *Ev - er - last - ing Love*;
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by *Ev - er - last - ing Love*;

High - er than the heav'ns a - bove. Is that *Ev - er - last - ing Love*.
 Till the yield - ing spir - its move, Touch'd by *Ev - er - last - ing Love*.
 How with quickened steps they move, Cheered by *Ev - er - last - ing Love*.

4. I have set thee as a signet,
 Graven on my hands thy name;
 Lo, I still am with thee always,
 Evermore thy Friend—the same;
 ||: Never changing—thou wilt prove
 Mine is *Everlasting Love*. :||

5. In my house of many mansions,
 I've prepared a place for thee,
 Where are no dark clouds or tempests,
 Where I am, there thou shalt be—
 ||: All the untold bliss to prove,
 Of my *Everlasting Love*. :||

No. 66.

Fear Not.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Andantino.

1. Fear not though tem-pest's threat en And clouds a - bove thee roll,
 2. Tho' thorns may strew thy path - way, In re - sig - na - tion bow,
 3. Each day will be the bright - er, If thou to him wilt pray;

Give all thy dread to Je - sus, The Shep - herd of thy soul.
 Re - mem - ber they were plat - ted A - bout his king - ly brow.
 Each bur - den will grow light - er, And fair - er be thy way.

Lean on his arm uu - fail - ing, Yield all thy doubts to him,
 Press for - ward, hop - ing, trust - ing, He know - eth all thy fear,
 His smile shall e'er il - lu - mine Thy sad - dest, dark - est hours.

And He will guide thee on - ward, When tears thy sight shall dim.
 "A pres - ent help in trou - ble," He walk - eth ev - er near.
 Till in thy heart shall blos - som, Life's sweet, e - ter - nal flow'rs.

No. 67. Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty.

Bp. REGINALD HEBER.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKFS.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,
4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!

Ear - ly in the morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en-crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Though the eye of sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee,
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and might - y!

God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Which wert, and art, and ev - er-more shalt be.
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty! A - men.

W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. In thy bless-ed word, our Fa - ther, In the les-son of to-
 2. In thy truth, O Fa-ther, keep us, Fill our hearts with love di-
 3. Now is come the hour of part - ing, May thy Ho - ly Spir - it,

day,— May we see in each, our Sav - ior, A light to
 vine, May thy Spir - it dwell with - in us, And may thy
 too, Go with each of us to guide us A - long the

guide us on our way; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—
 glo - ry round us shine; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—
 jour - ney we pur - sue; Heav'n-ly Fa - ther, thus we pray;—

Lead us by thy Ho - ly Spir - it In - to the truth al - way.
 May thy Spir - it dwell with - in us, And keep us day by day.
 Keep us by thy Ho - ly Spir - it Un - to the per - fect day.

No. 69. There's a Peaceful, Shining Strand.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There's a peace-ful, shin - ing strand, Far a - way, Far a -
 Far a - way;
 2. There the flow'rs for - ev - er bloom, Bright and fair, bright and
 Bright and fair;
 3. When our wea - ry feet shall press Thy dear strand, thy dear
 Thy dear strand:

way; By the heav'nly breezes fanned, All the day, all the
 far a - way; All the day,
 fair; Send - ing up their sweet perfume. Far and near, far and
 bright and fair; Far and near,
 strand, Deep will be our joy-ful-ness, Hap - py land, hap - py
 thy dear strand: Hap - py land,

day. Cease - less mu - sic fills the air, Joy - ous
 all the day.
 near. We its glo - ry shall be - hold Pear - ly
 far and near.
 land. Oh, the bless - ed thought of thee. Fills our
 hap - py land.

songs are ring - ing there, And that her - i - tage so
 gates will then un - fold, And its rich - es all un -
 hearts with mel - o - dy, For thy peace so full and

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There's a Peaceful,—Concluded.

fair Shall be mine, Shall be mine, shall be mine. be mine.
 told, Shall be mine, Shall be mine, shall be mine. be mine.
 free, And thy rest. And thy rest, fills each breast. each breast.

No. 70. We praise Thee, O God.

English.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love,

For Je - sus who died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior, and scat - ter'd our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
 May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

. CHORUS.

{ Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. }
 { Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, (Omit.....) } Re-vive us a - gain.

IDA L. REED

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Do you know that Je - sus loves you, That he
 2. He is watch - ing dai - ly o'er you, Know - ing
 3. Oh! his love is deep and bound - less And dear

waits to wel - come you, In the heav'n - ly courts a -
 all the ways you take, Wheth - er right or wrong, my
 one it is for you, Like a spring it flows for -

bove you, 'Midst the joys for - ev - er new? Je - sus
 broth - er, Guard thy steps then for his sake.
 ev - er, Pure and change - less, ev - er true.

CHORUS.

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loves you, Yes he loves you, More than earth - ly friend or broth - er,

He who reigns in light a - love you, ev - er ten - der, ev - er true.

No. 72.

Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

With expression.



1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen-tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul When life's stormy billows roll,
3. Sav-ior lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past!



1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.
 I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re-ly.
 To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped a-way.



I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.

CHORUS.



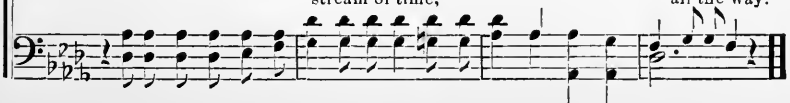
Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray;.....
 lest I stray;



rit. e dim.



Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Savior, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.



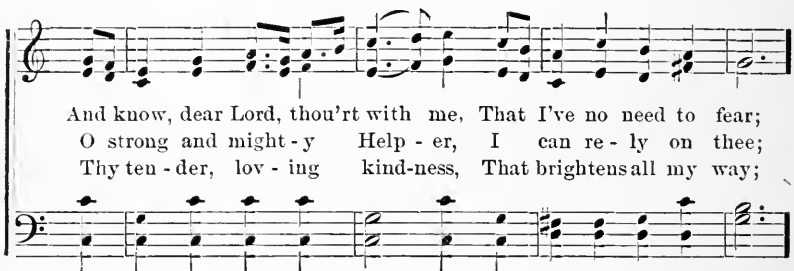
No. 73. Where'er my Footsteps Wander.

IDA L. REED.

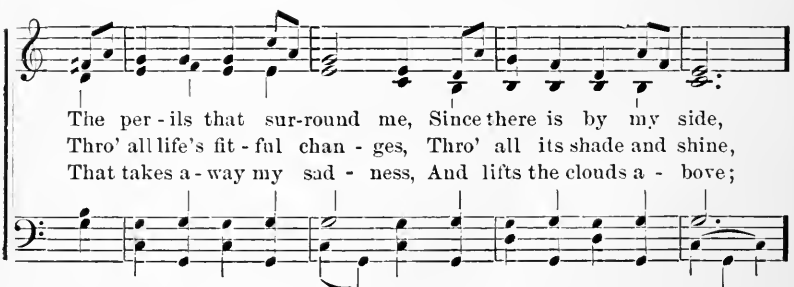
GEO. F. ROSCHE.



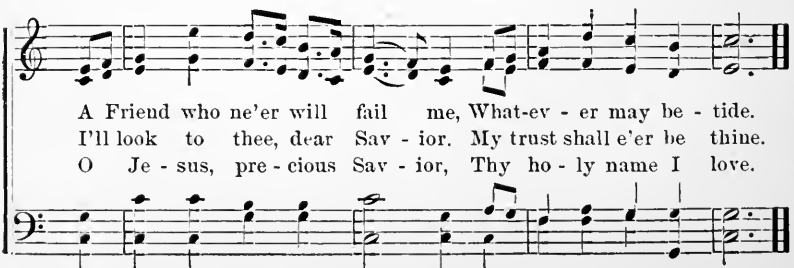
1. Wher-e'er my foot-steps wan-der, I feel thy pres-ence near,
2. Thy love makes glad my path-way, Thy smile doth strengthen me,
3. O Friend of friends, most faith-ful, How can I e'er re-pay



And know, dear Lord, thou'rt with me, That I've no need to fear;
O strong and might-y Help-er, I can re-ly on thee;
Thy ten-der, lov-ing kind-ness, That brightens all my way;



The per-ils that sur-round me, Since there is by my side,
Thro' all life's fit-ful chan-ges, Thro' all its shade and shine,
That takes a-way my sad-ness, And lifts the clouds a-bove;



A Friend who ne'er will fail me, What-ev-er may be-tide.
I'll look to thee, dear Sav-ior. My trust shall e'er be thine.
O Je-sus, pre-cious Sav-ior, Thy ho-ly name I love.

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No. 74.

My Heavenly Home.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. I have a home, a home on high, Pre-pared in love for me;
 2. I long to see the hills of light, All crown'd with beau-ty rare;
 3. Oh! hap-py home, mine eyes shall see Thy glo-ries fair and sweet;

I shall in-her-it, by and by My man-sion fair a-
 The vales where fall no shades of night, The vault-ed skies for-
 For thou, I know, dost wait for me. And I shall dwell with

love the sky, If I but faithful be, If I but faithful be.
 ev-er bright, Of that dear land so fair, Of that dear land so fair.
 joy in thee, When I my Lord shall meet, When I my Lord shall meet.

CHORUS.

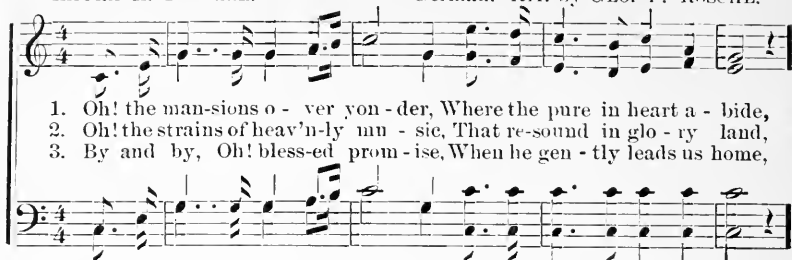
I have a home in heav'n, Whose walls shall stand for-ev-er,

'Twas by God's mer-cy given Its glo-ries fad-eth nev-er.

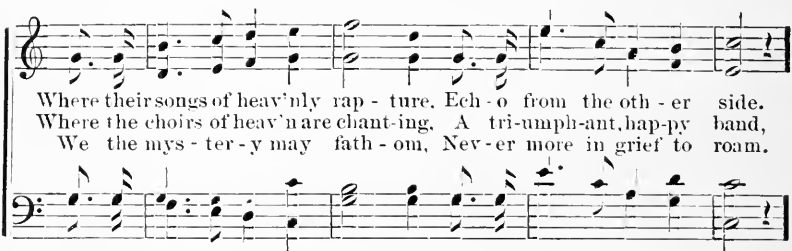
No. 75. Oh! the Mansions Over Yonder.

LAURA E. NEWELL.


German. Arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. Oh! the man-sions o - ver yon - der, Where the pure in heart a - bide,
2. Oh! the strains of heav'n-ly mu - sic, That re-sound in glo - ry land,
3. By and by, Oh! bless-ed prom - ise, When he gen - tly leads us home,

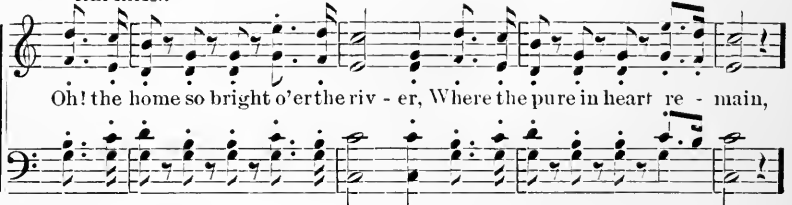


Where their songs of heav'nly rap - ture, Ech - o from the oth - er side.
Where the choirs of heav'n are chant-ing, A tri-umph-ant, hap-py band,
We the mys - ter - y may fath - om, Nev - er more in grief to roam.

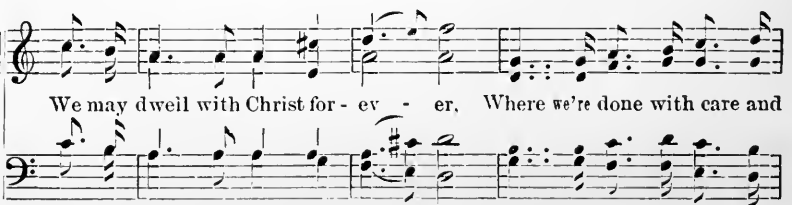


Peace that's past all un - der - stand - ing, Waits be - yond the tide.
Here we may not know in heav - en We shall un - der - stand.
To the man-sion o - ver yon - der, He will bid us come.

REFRAIN.



Oh! the home so bright o'er the riv - er, Where the pure in heart re - main,



We may dwell with Christ for - ev - er, Where we're done with care and

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Oh! the Mansions—Concluded.

With the faith - ful
pain, With the faithful and true at last, When the storms of life are past.

No. 76. Be not Weary in Well Doing.

S. A. MUEL.

S. C. HANSON. By per.

1. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing, La - bor for the Mas-ter's cause,
2. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing, Ev - er strive to serve the Lord.
3. Be not wea-ry in well do-ing. Sin - ful lives bring naught but pain;

Spurning Sa - tan, sin - es - chew - ing, Till the wheels of life shall pause.
From their ways poor sin - ners woo - ing, Such a work receives re - ward.
Work'e'r praying, good seed sow - ing, Pres - ent loss is fin - al gain.

CHORUS.

Wea - ry not, tho' friends de - sert thee, One friend there e'er will be,

Trust in him he'll ne'er de - sert thee, True and faith - ful e'er is he.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Crown him, crown him, Je - sus our won - der - ful Sav - ior;
Swell - ing, swell - ing, till the world joins in the cho - rus,
2. Crown him, crown him, Je - sus our won - der - ful Sav - ior,
Watch - ing o'er us ten - der - ly, lov - ing - ly, ev - er,

Crown him with Joy, wide - ly his name shall ring;
Praise him, praise him, Je - sus our Lord and King. }
Friend e'er faith - ful who doth our sor - rows share; }
Down from heav - en, heal - ing the griefs we bear, }

Deep and boundless flow - eth his sweet com - pas - sion And we all may
He bore the pain wounded for our transgressions, Died to save us

CHORUS.

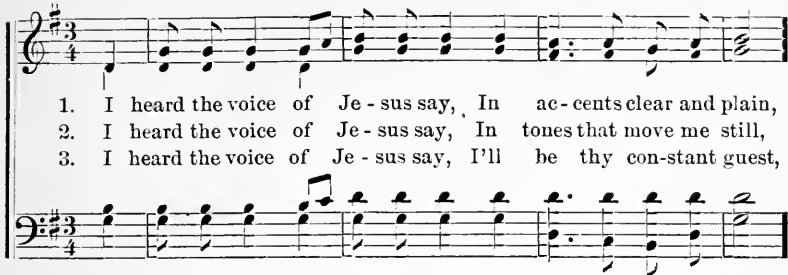
drink from its liv - ing spring. Crown him, crown him, Je - sus our wonderful
we are his ten - der care.

Sav - ior, Crown him, crown him, crown him the King of kings.

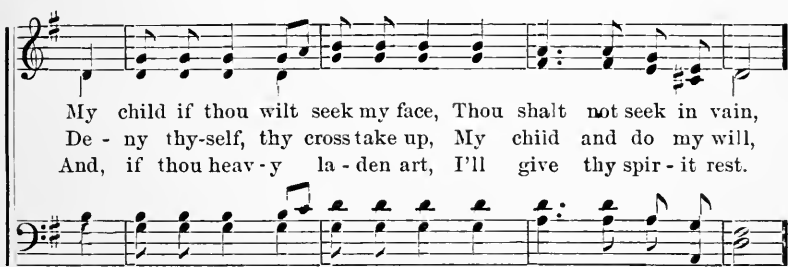
No. 78. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

E. R. LATTA.

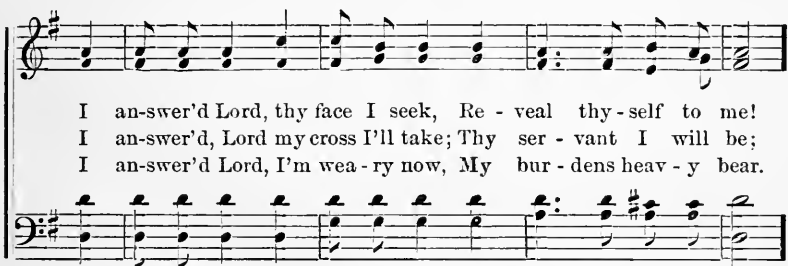
R. H. RANDALL.



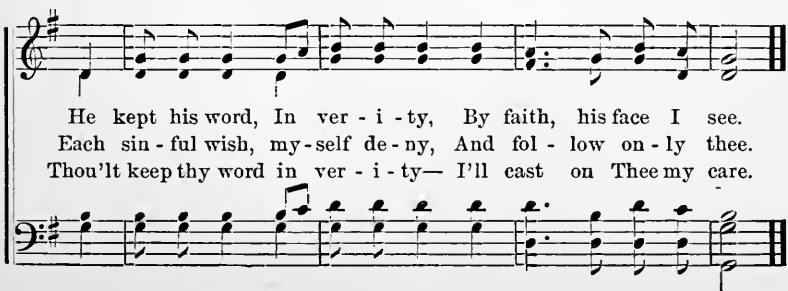
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, In ac - cents clear and plain,
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, In tones that move me still,
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, I'll be thy con - stant guest,



My child if thou wilt seek my face, Thou shalt not seek in vain,
De - ny thy - self, thy cross take up, My child and do my will,
And, if thou heav - y la - den art, I'll give thy spir - it rest.



I an - swer'd Lord, thy face I seek, Re - veal thy - self to me!
I an - swer'd, Lord my cross I'll take; Thy ser - vant I will be;
I an - swer'd Lord, I'm wea - ry now, My bur - dens heav - y bear.



He kept his word, In ver - i - ty, By faith, his face I see.
Each sin - ful wish, my - self de - ny, And fol - low on - ly thee.
Thou'lt keep thy word in ver - i - ty— I'll cast on Thee my care.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is high-er than I, This my
 2. I am safe in the Rock that was riv-en for me, From the
 3. I am safe in the Rock, let what-ev-er be-tide, Death and

ref-uge thro' storms e'er shall be; Tho' my frail bark is toss'd on the
 pow'r of the tempt-er I'm free; Tho' my path-way be dark and the
 hell have no ter-ror to me; I can walk with-out fear thro' the

bil-lows' mad foam, Yet I'm shel-ter'd for-ev-er in thee.
 storms sweep the sky, Yet se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in thee.
 shad-ow-y vale, For se-cure-ly I'm shel-ter'd in thee.

CHORUS.

Shel-ter'd in thee, shel-ter'd in thee, O thou
 shel-ter'd in thee, in thee,

blest Rock of A-ges, I am shel-ter'd in thee.

No. 80. I Will Praise Thee, O Lord.

IDA. L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. I will praise thee, O Lord, For thy kind-ness to me,
 2. O my Sav-ior and King, Thou dis-pel-lest my fear,
 3. I will praise thee, O Lord, All my path-way a-long,

For the gift of thy word, And its prom-is-es free;
 Un-to thee will I sing, To my heart thou art dear.
 I will praise thee in prayer, I will wor-ship in song;

My Re-deem-er art thou, I am saved by thy blood,
 Thou my ran-som hast paid, I am bought with thy blood,
 All my life. Lord. is thine, I've been washed in thy blood,

And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.
 And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.
 And my soul is cleansed for-ev-er In its glad heal-ing flood.

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No. 81. Marching and Singing.

FRONIA SMITH.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. We're a hap - py pil - grim band, Marching to the promised land,
2. We've a Lead - er bold and brave, Je - sus might - i - est to save,

Guided by our Captain on we move; And to cheer us on our way,
No fierce li - on dares to cross our way, Marching on without a fear,

We are singing all the day, Singing as we near the shrine we love.
To our Captain keeping near, Pilgrims nev - er from our ranks will stray.

CHORUS.

We are march - ing all the day,..... We are
We are marching, marching all the day, all the day, We are

sing - ing all the way,..... We are march - ing all the
sing - ing, singing all the way, all the way, We are marching, marching all the

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Marching and Singing—Concluded.

day, We are singing, singing all the way.
 day, all the day, We are sing - ing all the way, all the way.

No. 82. O, now I see the Cleansing Wave.

PIIEBE PALMER.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The foun-tain deep and wide,
2. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, A - bove the world and sin
3. A - mazing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied;

Je - sus, my Lord, might-y to save, Points to his wound-ed side.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

REFRAIN.

Thy cleansing stream. I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleanseth me!

O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me! It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

IDA L. REED.

WAGNER. Air. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. There shall be rest for wea-ry feet, Rest af-ter toil-ing and
 2. Fear not thy God doth see and know, What are the bur-dens that
 3. Oh! gold-en dawn, Oh! hap-py day, Soon will we wel-come thy

joy af-ter tears, For souls op-pressed, it will be sweet Free from their
 bow-eth thee down, Dost thou not hear the whis-per low? For-ward and
 ra-di-ant light, Thy rays shall shine a-cross our way, Love will il-

sor-rows, their doubts and their fears. Rest-ing in Je-sus thro'
 up-ward, my ser-vant press on, Waits for the vic-tor a
 lu-mine thy path-way so bright, Lead-ing to heav-en safe

glad end-less years, Rest-ing in Je-sus thro' glad end-less years.
 glo-ri-ous crown. Waits for the vic-tor a glo-ri-ous crown.
 out of earth's night, Lead-ing to heav-en safe out of earth's night.

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry to God, In hear'n we'll meet, Af-ter life's toiling our rest will be sweet.

rit.....

Pres. I. L. KEPHART, D. D.

S. C. HANSON. By per.

1. There's a way that leads to life, Ho - ly, high and free from sin;
 2. Yon - der see that bliss - ful throug Shout - ing glo - ry to their King;
 3. Who are there 'mid toil and strife, Shed - ding peace and joy a - round;
 4. Broth - er, sis - ter, join our band: Come and walk the King's high - way;

Safe removed from fear and strife. — Hap - py those who walk there - in.
 Hear them sing that sweet "new song?" Hear the vaults of heav - en ring!
 Good - ness beam - ing in their life? They this ho - ly way have found.
 Give us here your heart and hand; Now the heav'n - ly call o - bey.

CHORUS.

'Tis a straight way, beau - ti - ful high - way, Leading on to joys di - vine,
 They all walked the bean - ti - ful high - way. Thro' this world of death and sin;
 'Tis a ho - ly, beau - ti - ful high - way. And it leads to joys di - vine;
 Come now walk this beau - ti - ful high - way, Per - fect ho - li - ness at - tain;

O my broth - er, — careworn trav - ler, Choose the King's high - way as thine.
 Now they sing re - demp - tion's sto - ry Till the vaults of heav - en ring.
 All who walk this holi - ness high - way, Eu - ter in - to joys sub - lime.
 Thro' the blood of Christ is giv - en Per - fect free - dom from all sin.

1. We glo - ri - fy, to - geth - er, our King's dear Name, For
 2. We im - plore, all to - geth - er, his fa - vor sweet, That
 3. We stud - y, all to - geth - er, the Book di - vine, Whose

free - ly he re - deemd us from sin's great shame: We
 with his chos - en chil - dren we all may meet, And
 words re - fresh and strength - en like bread and wine, And,

joy - ful - ly u - nite in the loud ac - claim: Hal -
 with them sing in Heav - en, be - fore his seat; Hal -
 like the oil of glad - ness, make man's face shine: Hal -

CHORUS.

We praise

Thee

le - lu - jah! Je - sus Sav - ior! We praise Thee Je - sus, Sav - ior,
 le - lu - jah! Je - sus Sav - ior!
 le - lu - jah! Je - sus Sav - ior!

We praise Thee

United Praise—Concluded.

Je - sus, Lord, we praise thee.

praise thee, Jesus, Savior, praise thee, Jesus, Savior, praise thee, Jesus, Sav-ior,

Je - - sus, Lord, we praise thee.

Praise thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior, praise thee, Je - sus, Sav - ior.

Praise thee, Sav - ior, Lord. Hal - le - lu - jah.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words hyphenated across lines. The first system ends with a double bar line, and the second system ends with a double bar line.

No. 86.

Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

The musical score is in 2/2 time with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a single melodic line in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are placed below the notes.

1. Je sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run,
 2. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And praises throng to crown His head:
 3. People and realms of ev-'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song;

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet per-fume, shall rise With ev'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
 - And in-fant voic - es shall pro-claim Their ear-ly bless ings on his name.

- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns, | 5 Let every creature rise, and bring
 The prisoner leaps to loose his chains; | Peculiar honors to our King;
 The weary find eternal rest, | Angels descend with songs again,
 And all the sons of earth are blest. | And earth repeat the long amen.

No. 87. Thou canst Save.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

C. A. WEISS.

1. In life's long - est, fierce - est bat - tle, Thou wilt res - cue,
 2. When my lit - tle bark would foun der, I will ev - er
 3. When my faith, in tri - al, wav - ers, Has - ten, Lord! thine
 4. Come what may, then, calm or tem - pest, Light or dark - ness,

Sav - ior mine; 'Mid the tem - pest's wild - est rav - ing,
 call to thee; Thou who rul - est surg - ing bil - lows,
 aid af - ford; Give me some sweet glimpse of Glo - ry,
 joy or woe, By thy pres - ence, cheer - ed, de - fend - ed,

CHORUS.

Thou canst hold me, Sav - ior mine. Thou canst save me,
 Will my trust - y pi - lot be.
 Speak some strength in - spir - ing word.
 I shall fear no storm, nor foe. Thou canst save me,

Thou canst hold me, dearest Sav - ior, thou a - lone.

May I stand se - cure - ly ev - er, on the sure foun - da - tion stone.

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E. R. LATTA.

C. G. SCHNEIDER.

1. The heav - en - ly bea - con is shin - ing, The dark - ness
 2. The glo - ri - ous light in the Bi - ble, Is cast - ing
 3. The bea - con is shin - ing for sin - ners, Is shin - ing
 4. The heav - en - ly bea - con is shin - ing, O, chil - dren,

of sin to dis - pel, We need but to walk in its
 its beams up - on me; And glad - ly I'll fol - low its
 with soul cheer - ing ray. If on - ly they'll trust to its
 its bright-ness be - hold, It leads to the Ca-naan a-

bright - ness, That we may in glo - ry dwell! We need but
 guid - ance, Till I shall the an - gels see. And glad - ly
 lead - ing, They shall not in er - rors stray. If on - ly
 above us, Whose glo - ries were nev - er told, It leads to

to walk in its bright-ness, That we may in glo - ry dwell.
 I'll fol - low its guid - ance, Till I shall the an - gels see.
 they'll trust in its lead - ing. They shall not in er - rors stray.
 the Ca-naan a - bove us, Whose glo - ries were nev - er told.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

C. A. WEISS.

1. We have stray'd a - way from home, And have wan - der'd wide,
 2. With our gar - ments torn and rent, And with wea - ry feet,
 3. Fol - ly led our hearts a - stray. And our eyes made blind,
 4. But our Fa - ther sent a Guide, That will lead us Home;

But we re striv - ing to re - turn To our Fa - ther's side.
 Trust ing in the Lead - er sent, With his smile so sweet.
 We were on the downward way, And no help could find.
 We are cling - ing to his hand, — Who - so will, may come.

CHORUS.

We are bound..... for our Home,..... Where the
 We're homeward bound, We're homeward bound,

sun..... shines for aye..... Thence we'll
 For - ev - er shines, For - ev - er shines.

go,..... no more to roam,.....
 No more to roam, No more to roam,

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Returning Home.—Concluded.

Through un - end - - - - - ing day.....

We'll roam no more, Nev-er roam, We'll roam no more.

No. 90.

Bethany.

SARAH F. ADAMS

Arr. from L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps up to heav'n: All that thou

be a cross That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be,
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be,
 send - est me In mer - cy giv'n: An - gels to beck - on me,

Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.
 Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee.

4 Then, with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise:
 So by my woes to be, Nearer, etc.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly, —
 Still all my song shall be, Nearer, etc.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

C. A. WEISS.

1. I hear of the glo - ry of Heav - en, Where
 2. I hear of the di - a - dems gold - en, All
 3. I hear of the peace pass - ing knowl - edge, That

ev - er the sun shin - eth bright, Where God heal - eth all our dis -
 crust - ed with jew - els so bright, Ac - cord - ed with shout - ings of
 comes to the soul o - ver there, Of the Sab - bath un - ruf - fled by

eas - es, Where, per - fect - ly, saints all u - nite.
 tri - umph, to those who stood firm in faith's fight.
 sor - row, or sin - ning, or troub - le or care.

CHORUS.

Oh, I long Oh, I long to be there, to be there With

Je - sus in glo - ry to be, This my pray'r, dear - est
 there, there, to be there! This my pray'r,

Longing for Heaven.—Concluded.

pray'r, At last, Oh! at last to be there.
 this my pray'r, here, there, to be there.

No. 92.

Bring Them In.

ALEXCEHAH THOMAS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the desert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the little lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry, Out on the mountain wild and high,

Calling the lambs who've gone astray, Far from the Shepherd's fold away.
 Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be sheltered from the cold?
 Hark! 'tis the Master speaks to thee. "Go, find my lambs where'er they be!"

CHORUS.

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;

Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the lit-tle ones to Je - sus.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato.

1. Oh, to serve him tru - ly, ful - ly, Loy - al still to be,
 2. Tho' the war fare here is grievous, Je - sus ev - er guides;
 3. When the wi - ly tempt - er lures us, Je - sus then is near,
 4. Val - iant sol - diers striv - ing ev - er, For that home in heav - en,

True to Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus, By his par - don free.
 We are hap - py in his shel - ter, Safe what - e'er be - tides.
 Sa - tan flees from those who shun him. We need nev - er fear.
 In the King - dom of the bless - ed, Home of the for - giv'n.

CHORUS.

O home, bright home, Hap - py home in heav'n,
 O home, bright home, O home, bright home,

There we'd dwell in love for - ev - er With our sins for -

giv'n,
 With our sins for - giv'n,
 With all our sins for giv'n.

No. 94.

His Promise.

FRED WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Heave the an-chor, spread the sail, Breast the bil-lows, brave the gale;
 2. Heave the an-chor, moments fly! Souls are dy-ing, night is nigh!
 3. Heave the an-chor! see the dawn! O'er the o-cean shines the morn;

Yonder shines the bless-ed har-bor, Bright beyond the storm-y sea,
 See the wear-y and the wretched, Drift-ing o'er the troubled wave,
 And be-yond the break-ing bil-lows, Hail the fair and hap-py shore;

And the Pi-lot of sal-va-tion Waits to steer the course for thee.
 Hoist the sig-nal of sal-va-tion Lost and dy-ing souls to save!
 En-ter in the shin-ing ha-ven, Storms and dangers are no more.

CHORUS.

Hear his promise, hear his promise, "All are
 Hear his promise, hear his promise,

safe,..... who trust in me,..... All are safe who trust in me."
 all are safe, in me.

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THOMAS KELLY.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the notes of praise a - bove,
 2. Je - sus, hail! whose glo - ry brightens All a - bove, and gives it worth,
 3. King of glo - ry! reign for - ev - er! Thine an ev - er - last - ing crown,

Je - sus reigns and heav'n re-joic - es, Je - sus reigns, the God of love.
 Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens, Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth.
 Noth - ing from Thy love shall sev - er Those whom Thou hast made Thine own.

See, He sits on yonder throne, Je - sus rules the world alone.
 When we think of love like Thine, Lord, we own it all di - vine.
 Hap - py objects of Thy grace, Destined to behold Thy face.

See, He sits Jesus rules
 When we think Lord, we own
 Happy ob - Destined to

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

No. 96. Come to Jesus, all ye Children.

IDA L. REED.
Allegretto.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Come to Je-sus, all ye chil-dren, He is call-ing, call-ing you;
2. Come to Je-sus, wait no lon-ger, In your childhood's hap-py day;
3. Come to Je-sus, He will bless you, Like the lit-tle ones of old,

Come "He plead-eth," in life's morn-ing, Be my lit-tle ser-vant true.
Ask his guid-ance, ask his coun-sel, He'll be with you all the way.
And will lead you on-ward, up-ward, In-to heav-en's shin-ing fold.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, chil-dren, He is wait-ing for you. Come to

Je-sus ere the day is gone,..... While love's sunlight gladdens all the

heav-ens o'er you, Come to him in child-hood's gold en dawn.

J. H.

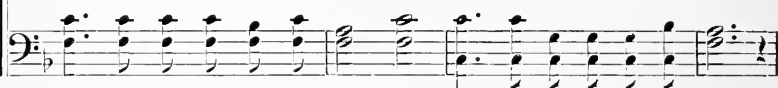
Arr.



1. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, Where can mor-tal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Sav-ior, bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;



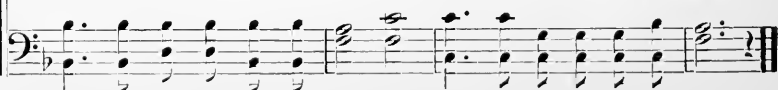
Hap - py place! so near, so pre - cious! May it find me there each day;
 There I lay my sins and sor - rows, And, when weary, find sweet rest:
 Oh, look down in love up - on me. Let me see thy face so sweet;



Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, I would look up - on the past:
 Sit - ting at the feet of Je - sus, There I love to weep and pray,
 Give me, Lord, the mind of Je - sus, Make me ho - ly as he is;



For his love has been so gra - cious, It has won my heart at last.
 While I from his fulness gath - er Grace and comfort ev-'ry day.
 May I prove I've been with Je - sus, Who is all my righteousness.



Allegro.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow-'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me. Hopes deceive and fears an - noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bide.



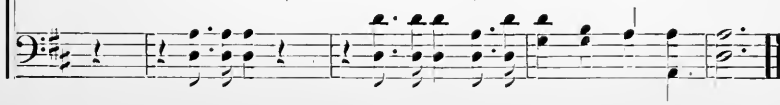
CHORUS.



In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ I glo - ry;
 In the cross, in the cross.



In the cross, in the cross, In the cross of Christ my Lord.
 In the cross, in the cross,



No. 99. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

S. BARING GOULD.

A. S. SULLIVAN.

Presto.

1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers, Marching as to war, With the cross of
 2. Like a might-y ar-my, Moves the Church of God: Brothers, we are
 3. Crowns and thorns may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4. On-ward, then, ye faith-ful, Join our hap-py throng; Blend with ours your

Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod. We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main, Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es, In the triumph song: Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,

Leads a-against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, his ban-ners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char-i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
 Un - to Christ the King: This, thro' endless a - ges, Men and an-gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, March-ing as to war, With the

Onward Christian Soldiers—Concluded.

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.
cross of Je - sus,

No. 100. All Hail the Power.

E. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1 All hail the power of Je - sus, name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at his feet may fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 101. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER. By per.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way. Lean-ing on the ev - er -
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -

last - ing Arms. What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms, Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms, I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - - ing,
 Lean-ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing. Safe and se - cure from all a - larms, Lean - ing,
 leaning on Jesus, Lean-ing on Je sus,

lean - ing, Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing Arms.
 lean - ing on Je - sus,

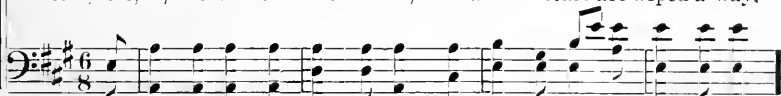
No. 102. There They are Resting.

IDA L. REED.

W. H. EISELE.



1. There is a fair sweet hap-py land, Whose blessful joys can ne'er be told,
2. They've passed beyond earth's toil and pain, To that dear home of love and light;
3. There, they the Father's face behold, And all their tears are wiped a-way.



D. C. With-in that hap-py, hap - py land, Be-side life's smiling, sil-v'ry sea,



Where rest in peace a ser - aph band, Be-yond the gates of gold.
Grief ne'er can trou-b - le them a-gain, Or shroud them in its night.
Be - yond the gleaming gates of gold Thro' heav'n's e-ter - nal day.



Dear Sav - ior, on that heav'n-ly strand, Our loved ones rest with thee.

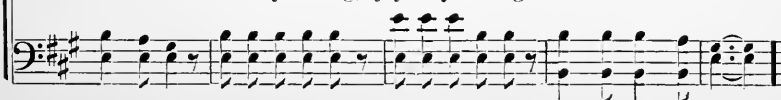
CHORUS.



There they are rest - ing, Rest - ing on that
Rest-ing on the shore, on the gold-en shore,



gold-en shore; There they are rest - ing, All life's toil-ing o'er,
Peacefully resting, joyfully resting



No. 103.

Sabbath Song.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN

German. Arr. by GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Keep the Sab-bath ho - ly, Earth - ly cares put by,
 2. Sab-bath bells are peal - ing, Sweet the mu - sic swells,
 3. Glo - ry to the Fa - ther, Glo - ry to the Son,

Come with spir - it low - ly, Lift your hearts on high;
 Wak - ing deep - est feel - ings, Joy to come, fore - tells:
 Glo - ry to the Spir - it, Ho - ly Three in One;

In his tem - ple sa - cred Sing, and hum - bly pray;
 When our souls in - her - it Yon "land far a - way,"
 Hail O bless - ed Sab - bath, Day of days most dear;

With thy friends and kin - dred Hail the bless - ed day.
 Naught shall dim or lim - it Heav'n's bright Sab-bath day.
 Day the tri - une God - head Bids man-kind re - vere.

CHORUS.

Bless - ed ho - ly day, day of all the best;

Sabbath Home—Concluded.

Day when heart and mind and soul in God doth rest.

No. 104. O Tell me the Beautiful Story.

L. B. M.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. O tell me the beau-ti-ful sto - ry, It touch-es each chord of my soul;
 2. O tell me the beau ti-ful sto - ry, Not be-cause it is old or is new,
 3. O tell me the beau-ti-ful sto - ry. Re - peat it a - gain and a-gain;

O tell of its grace and its glo - ry, The theme while the a-ges shall roll.
 But be-cause of its in-fi-nite glo - ry, And be-cause the sweet sto-ry is true.
 O tell of its pow'r and its glo-ry. The won-der of an-gels and men.

CHORUS.

O tell me the beau-ti-ful sto - ry Of re-deem-ing love di - vine;

Yes, tell me the beau-ti-ful sto - ry, For it thrills this heart of mine.

No. 105. O Sinner! What Then will You Do?

L. W.

L. WHITE.

1. Soon will the reap-ers come in their night, At morn-ing, at
 2. Soon the an - gel of death at your door Will knock, and your
 3. When the trum-pet from heav - en shall sound Its thun-der - ing
 4. When the Lord shall de - scend for His Bride, With an - gels in

noon or at night. And will gath er the faith-ful and true; O
 days shall he o'er. When the time of pro - ba-tion is through; O
 ech - oes a - round, And shall sum-mon; the mill-ions to view; O
 white at his side: Will He say, "I have nev-er known you?" O

CHORUS.

sin-ner, what then will you do? O sin-ner, what then will you

do in that day, When the chaff shall be driv-en a - way; Since the

Mas - ter has taught that you heav-en to gain, "Ye must be born a - gain?"

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me. Won - der - ful words of life;
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of life;
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of life;
 Sin - ner, list to 'the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of life;

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty.
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

CHORUS.

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life;

Beau - ti - ful words, won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of life.

No. 107. We'll make Our Heaven here, below.

L. B. MITCHELL.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Allegretto

1. We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, This home more blest and sweet;
 2. Let earth be as when win-ter's past, With all its chill-ing days;
 3. We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, That hearts may all be glad,
 4. In all the paths and lanes of life With whom we chance to meet,

Let love and cheer wher-e're we go Bring joy to all we meet.
 And love-ly Spring-time reigns at last And birds at-tune their lays.
 That by our lives no one may know The sor-rows of the soul.
 Be it our aim to ban-ish strife, And all with kind-ness greet.

CHORUS.

We'll make our heav-en here, be-low, O bless-ed, glo-ri-ous plan!

And ev-er strive to make it so By do-ing all we can.

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No. 108. Land of Golden Sunshine.

D. R. LUCAS.

J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. 'Tis a glo - rious throng who have crossed the flood And have reached the
 2. As they jour - neyed here, they were oft - en sad, At the tri - als
 3. And we soon will go to the same bright home And the same bright

sun - lit shore. And our hearts can say that such loved as they Are not
 by the way; But they're now at home and for - ev - er glad In the
 sun will shine, And the light of love in our hearts will glow With a

CHORUS.

lost but gone be - fore. In the land..... of gold - en
 light of end - less day.
 splen - dor all di - vine. In the land of gold - en

sun - shine, They are hap - py now, and re - joic - ing, bow, With the
 sun - shine.

ho - - - ly throng of an - gels, Shin - ing crowns up - on their brow.
 With the ho - ly throng of an - gels,

J. H.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. Sol - diers of th'e-ter - nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing,
 2. La - bel it on ev - 'ry door, Place it high the pul - pit o'er,
 3. Place it on the chiseled stone, Where the mourners weep a - lone;

Let it thro' the church-es ring, Up! for Je - sus stand.
 Let it stand for - ev - er more, Up! for Je - sus stand.
 'Grave it on the mon-arch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand.

Write it on the tem-ple's spire, Ut - ter it with tongues of fire,
 Bla - zon it in man-sion halls, Pen-cil it on pris-on walls;
 Let the press, whose wheels of might Roll for reason and for right,

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus stand.
 Do and dare, as du - ty calls; Up! for Je - sus stand.
 Flash it on the na - tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus stand.

Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.
 Do and dare as du - ty calls; Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.
 Flash it on the na - tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus, Je - sus stand.

Up for Jesus Stand—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
Je - sus stand, Je - sus stand.

Speed the watchword, give it wing, And Up! for Je - sus stand.

No. 110. Be Thou our Guide.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Dear Sav - ior at thy feet we fall, Hear thou our prayer we pray,
2. Guide thou in love, dear Lord, our feet, We bow to thy strong will,
3. Like err - ing chil - dren, Sav - ior, we Come and our faults con - fess,
4. Oh, teach us ev - er to o - bey, Thy light - est wish dear Lord,

Our strength without thy help is small, Be with us day by day.
All gifts from out thy hand are sweet, Be ours thy mer - cy still.
Yes all our hearts are known to thee, Wilt thou not heal and bless.
And guide our foot - steps day by day, By thy most ho - ly word.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. Paul and Si - las, bound in chains, Trust ed in the Lord, ...
 2. Saints who won the mar-tyr's crown, Trust-ed in the Lord; ...
 3. All the white-rob'd, ransom'd host, Trust-ed in the Lord; ...
 the Lord;

Pe - ter in the pris - on cell, Found an an - gel guard;
 Heav'n they gain'd thro' fire and blood, Trust-ing in the Lord;
 We, like they, our way pur - sue, Trust-ing in the Lord:

DUET.

CHORUS.

Faith will save you, trust in God; Foes in vain as - sail.....
 Come, ac - cept the prom - ise sure, Foes in vain as - sail;.....
 Man - ful - ly we on - ward press, Foes in vain as - sail,.....
 as-sail

DUET.

CHORUS.

Fear no ill at home, a-broad, God will nev-er fail....
 Brave - ly to the end en-dure, He will nev-er fail....
 In the time of great - est stress God will nev-er fail...

CHORUS.

Be - lieve!... be - lieve!... faith will save your soul, ...
 Be-lieve! be-lieve! your soul,

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Saving Faith—Concluded.

Be - lieve!... be - lieve!... Christ can make you whole.
 Be-lieve! be-lieve!

No. 112. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Miss ANNIE L. WALKER.

L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon.
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies.

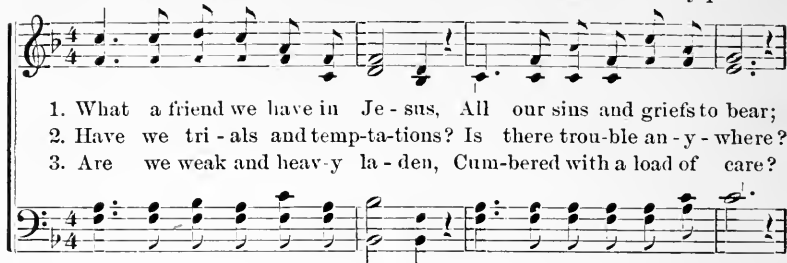
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute Some - thing to keep in store;
 Work till the last beam fad - eth. Fad - eth. to shine no more;

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is done.

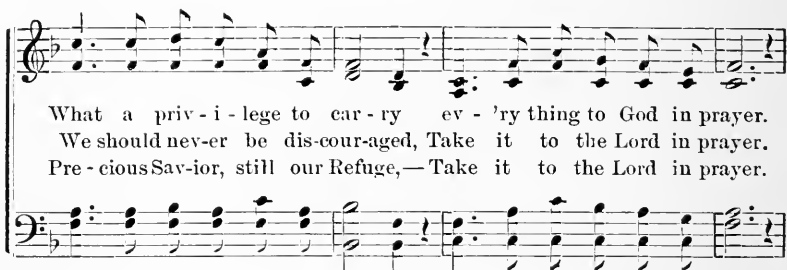
No. 113. What a Friend We have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN. Alt.

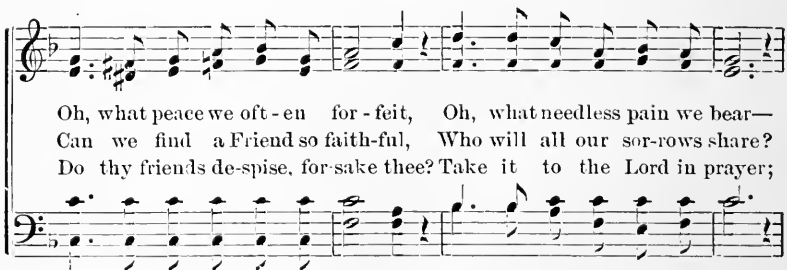
C. CONVERSE. By per.



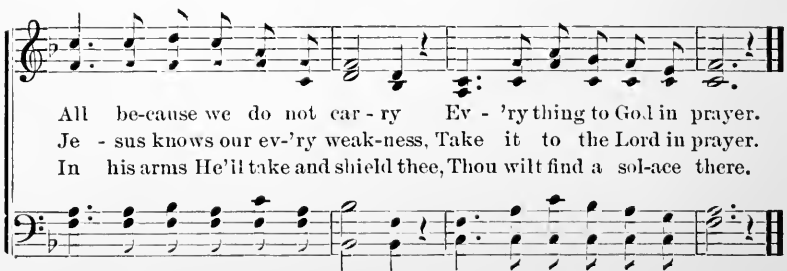
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our Refuge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;



All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

No. 114.

Sabbath Chimes.

Laura E. Newell. (For the Little Ones.)

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

Moderato. (Bells.)

(Bells.)

1. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Joy - ous - ly, loud - ly ring, Ding, dong,
 2. Ring, ring, ring, ring, Mes - sag - es ho - ly, ring, Ding, dong,
 3. Ring, ring, ring, ring. Cheer - i - ly, glad - ly ring, Ding, dong,

ding, dong, Hope - ful ly, blithe - ly sing, Chim - ing your mu - sic in
 ding, dong, Plead - ing - ly, soft - ly sing, Pre - cious your message of
 ding, dong, Trust - ful - ly greet - ings sing, Je - sus is wait - ing to

ac - cent so ten - der. And earn - est - ly sum - mon - ing all,
 Je - sus our Sav - ior. Ye, Wan - der - ers, gra - cious - ly call,
 wel - come his chil - dren, He lov - ing - ly pard - on - eth all,

(Bells.)
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.
 Ring, ring, ring, ring, Heav - en - ly ti - dings bring.

No. 115. Where He Leads I'll Follow.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN



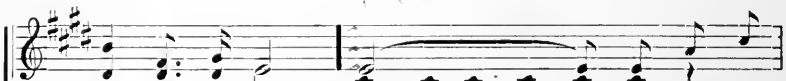
1. Sweet are the prom-is-es, Kind is the word; Dear-er far than
2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown; Sweet-er far than
3. List to His lov-ing words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y



an-y mes-sage man ev-er heard, Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an-y love that mor-tals have known, Kind to the err-ing one,
 lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee, Trust in His prom-is-es,



Sin-less I see; He the great ex-ample is, and
 Faith-ful is he; He the great ex-ample is and
 Faith-ful and sure; Lean up-on the Sav-ior, and thy



pat-tern for me. Where..... He leads I'll
 pat-tern for me.
 soul is se-cure. Where He leads I'll fol-low,



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Where He Leads I'll Follow—Concluded.

fol - - - low, Fol - - - low all the
where He leads I'll fol - low, fol - low all the way, yes,

way, Where..... He leads I'll
fol - low all the way. Where he leads I'll fol-low.

fol - - - low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.
Where He leads I'll fol-low,

No. 116. Our Father, who art in Heaven.

GREGORIAN.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hal - lored be thy name;
2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread;
3. And lead us not into temptation, but de - liv - er us from evil;

thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth, as it is in heaven;
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us.
for thine is the kingdom, and the pow'r, and the glory, for ever. A - men.

Oh! free is Salvation.

Laura E. Newell.

Alfred Beirly.

1. Oh! free is sal - va - tion, All lands, ev - 'ry na - tion, May
 2. Oh! earth, sing in glad - ness, And van - ish all sad - ness. The
 3. With hearts of thanks - giv - ing, Re - joice, all ye liv - ing, For

come to the Sav - ior, Sweet rest He doth give, He calls: "Come ye
 morning star gleameth, Its beau - ty be - hold. Ye lost, it will
 free is sal - va - tion, The pearl of great price: Your own you may

wea - ry." Life need not be drear - y, If ye will but look to Christ
 guide you, What - ev - er be - tide you, But fol - low and en - ter The
 cher - ish, Ye nev - er may per - ish, But en - ter tri - um - phant - ly,

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REFRAIN

Je - sus and live. Oh! free..... is sal - va - - - tion, Re -
 cit - y of gold.
 Glad par - a - dise. Oh! free is sal - va - tion,

joice..... ev - 'ry na - - - tion, Take Christ..... as your
 Re-joice ev - 'ry na - tion, Take Christ

Oh! Free is Salvation—Concluded.

Lead - - er, He'll guide thee to that bright land...
for your Lead - er,

No. 118. My Faith Looks up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
Be thou my guide; Bid dark - ness turn to day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior! then, in love, Fear and dis -

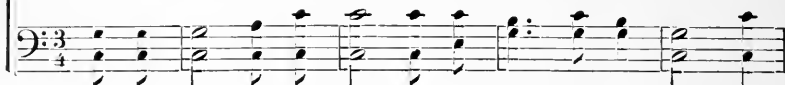
guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine!
love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be A liv - ing fire!
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From thee a - side.
trust re - move; Oh, bear me safe a - above, A ran - somed soul!

IDA L. REED.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



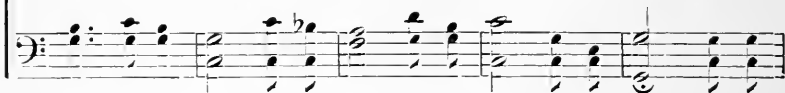
1. Lord, thy chil - dren to thee come with of - f'rings of praise, They
2. How their songs float - ing up - ward ex - ul - tant - ly ring, Their
3. Oh, the hour is so ho - ly when low at thy feet, Thy



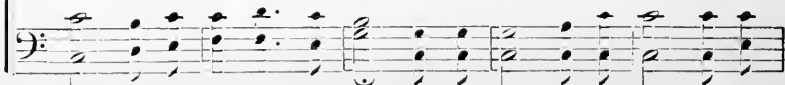
come with re - joic - ing to thee, For thy love and thy care has with
 hearts with their glad - ness o'er - flow, And the air thrills with mel - o - dy
 chil - dren, dear Sav - ior, ap - pear, And their prais - es rise sky - ward like



joy crow'd their days. Thou hast pour'd out thy bless - ing so free. Thou hast
 sweet as they sing, Of the peace that thro' thee e'er they know, Of the
 in - cense so sweet, While thou bendest in si - lence to hear, While thou



pour'd out thy bless - ing so free; Thou hast been to them ev - er a
 peace that thro' thee e'er they know, And their pray'rs rise to thee, thou Re -
 bend - est in si - lence to hear, And thy pres - ence is with them wher -



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Song of Praise—Concluded.

Sav - ior and friend, And they come with love's trib - utes to thee.
deem - er and King, As they kneel in thy tem - ple be - low.
ev - er they meet, With thy chil - dren who wor - ship thee here.

No. 120. Gently, Lord, O Gently.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

Spanish Melody.

1. Gent - ly, Lord, O gent - ly lead us, Pil - grim in this vale of tears,
2. In the hour of pain and an - guish, In the hour when death draws near,

Thro' the tri - als yet de - ceed us, Till our last great change appears
Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear;

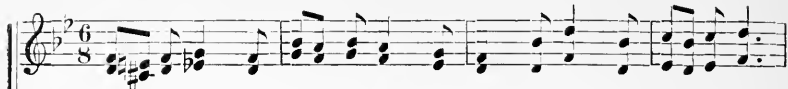
When temptation's darts assail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way,
And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, Bid us in thine arms to rest,

Let thy good - ness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
Till, by an - gel bands at - tend - ed, We a - wake a mong the blest.

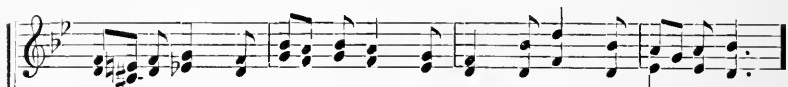
No. 121. Out of Darkness cometh Light.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER.

EDWIN J. WALKER.

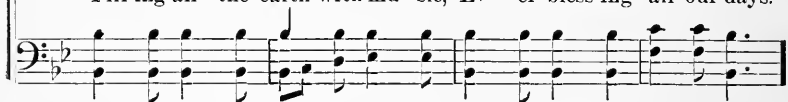


1. Out of sor - row, com-eth gladness, Out of dark-ness com-eth light,
2. Out of weak-ness com-eth courage, Strength'ning us to do the right.
3. Out of long - ing cometh ful-fill-ment, With its bliss and hap-pi-ness,
4. Out of griev - ing comes re-joic-ing, With its glo-rious hymns of praise,



And the gold - en beams of morn-ing Com - eth aft - er drear-y night.
 From de-spair-ing com-eth hop-ing, With its bless-ed bea-con light.
 Making hearts cast down with anguish, Lose their pain and heav-i-ness.
 Fill-ing all the earth with mu - sic, Ev - er bless-ing all our days.

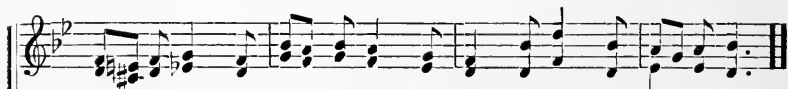
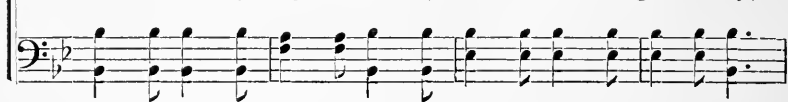
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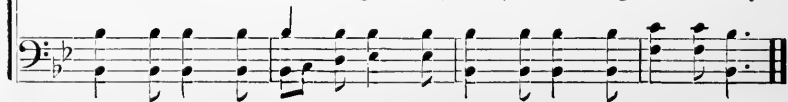
REFRAIN.



When the drear-y night is o - ver, Then will dawn the gold-en day;



Out of sor - row com-eth gladness, Thus, the lov - ing Father's way.



No. 122. Jesus is King on the Great White Throne.

E. R. LATTA.

C. A. WEISS.

1. The Lamb of God, from sin so free, Oh, what He bore for
 2. Oh, what the depths of ag - o - ny, He suf - fered, in Geth -
 3. Up - on the cross con - demned to die, I see my Lord and

you and me, By Sa - tan buf - fet - ed and tried, By
 sem - a - ne! And hear the cru - el taunt and jest, As
 see his cry! Oh, wound - ed hands, and feet and side! For

those he came to save, de - nied! Oh, nev - er - more shall
 thorn - y crown his forehead pressed, Oh, nev - er - more the
 me, my Lord was cru - ci - fied! Oh, nev - er - more shall

these be known! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never -
 pang and moan, Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never -
 he a - lone! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne! Oh, never -

more shall these be known! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.
 more the pang and moan, Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.
 more shall he a - lone! Je - sus is King on the Great White Throne.

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Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Re - joice, O chil - dren gai - ly sing; Let smiles a - dorn each face;
 2. The bi - ble bids the young re - joice, God made their spir - its light,
 3. But in your glad - est hours of mirth, Keep soul and bod - y pure,

And may each soul be rich - ly clothed, With robes of Christian grace.
 That, like the birds and flow'rs, They may grow love - ly in his sight.
 Re - mem - ber ev - 'ry tho't and act, Of just re - ward is sure.

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CHORUS.

Then chil - dren sing with cheerful hearts, Re - joice in Je - sus love;

His hand will lead you safe - ly on, To sweet - er joys a - bove.

No. 124. I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I love to tell the sto-ry Of un-seen things a-bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto-ry, More won-der-ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto-ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re-peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto-ry; For those who know it best Seem

Je-sus and his glo-ry, Of Je-sus and his love. I love to
 all the gold-en fan-cies Of all our gold-en dreams, I love to
 seem, each time I tell it, More won-der-ful-ly sweet. I love to
 hun-ger-ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in

tell the sto-ry, Be-cause I know 'tis true; It sat-is-fies my
 tell the sto-ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto-ry; For some have nev-er heard The mes-sage of sal-
 scenes of glo-ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.

long-ings, As noth-ing else can do. I love to tell the sto-ry, 'Twill
 rea-son I tell it now to thee.
 va-tion From God's own ho-ly word.
 sto-ry That I have loved so long.

be my theme in glo-ry To tell the old, old sto-ry Of Je-sus and his love.

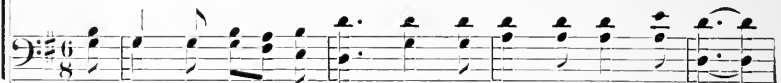
No. 125. The Same Sweet Story.

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. We sing of Christ our Sav - ior, And how he came be - low
2. We sing the gra - eious par - don That brought us to the light;
3. We sing his crown - ing mer - cy, His death to make us free;



To build his bless - ed king - dom And seeds of good - ness sow.
And how he helps his ser - vants Who trust his love and might.
His glo - rious res - ur - rec - tion, Blest hope for you and me.



CHORUS.



We sing on earth his glo - ry, And when in heav'n we share,



Repeat Chorus pp.



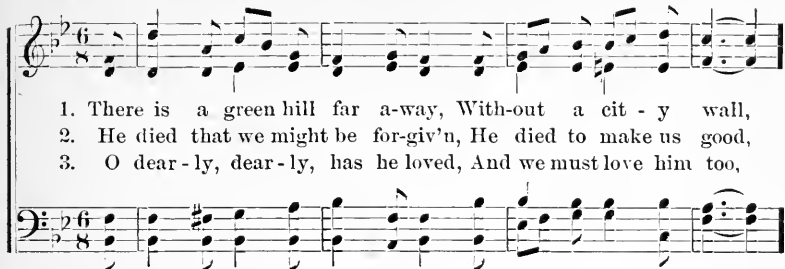
We'll sing with hal - le - lu - jahs The same sweet sto - ry there.



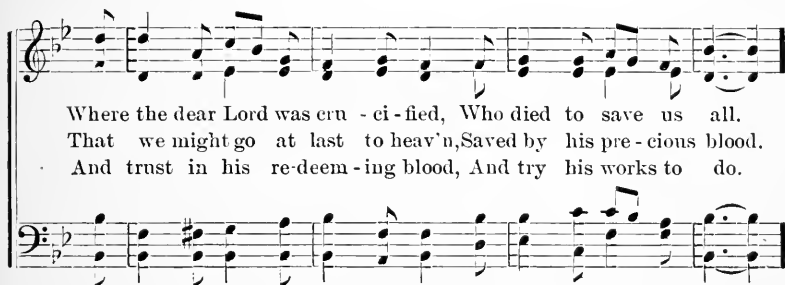
No. 126. There is a Green Hill Far Away.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

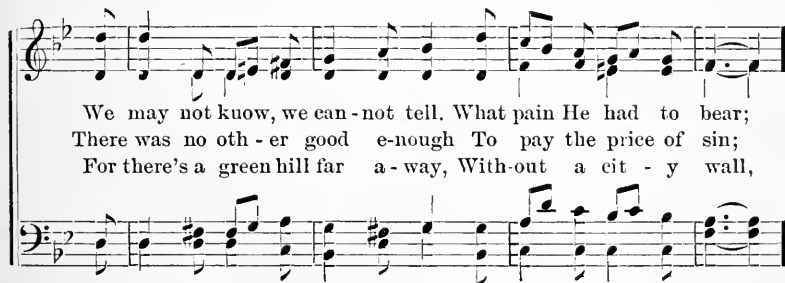
RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.



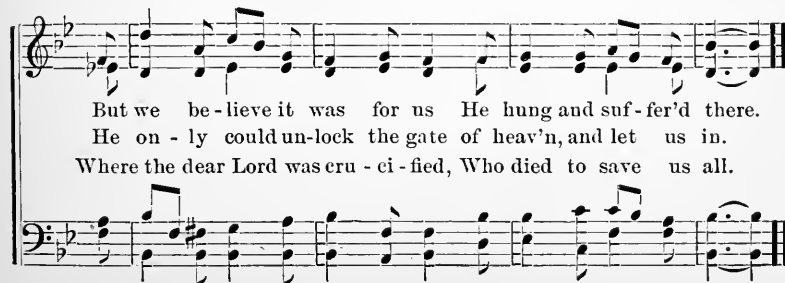
1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit - y wall,
2. He died that we might be for-giv'n, He died to make us good,
3. O dear - ly, dear - ly, has he loved, And we must love him too,



Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
That we might go at last to heav'n, Saved by his pre - cious blood.
And trust in his re - deem - ing blood, And try his works to do.



We may not know, we can - not tell. What pain He had to bear;
There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
For there's a green hill far a - way, With-out a cit - y wall,



But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fer'd there.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate of heav'n, and let us in.
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.

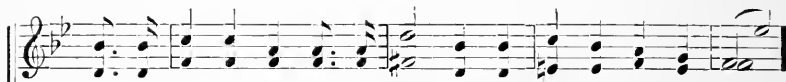
No. 127. Marching in the King's Highway.

SALLIE A. SMITH.

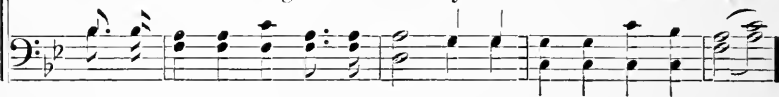
JNO. R. SWENEY.



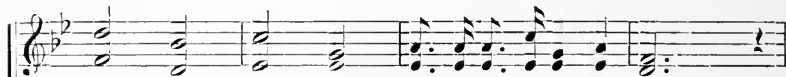
1. In the way east up for the ransomed, By countless mill-ions trod,
2. In the way east up for the ransomed, What constant joy we know;
3. In the way east up for the ransomed, By fountains cool and sweet,
4. In the way east up for the ransomed, Our pil-grim journey past,



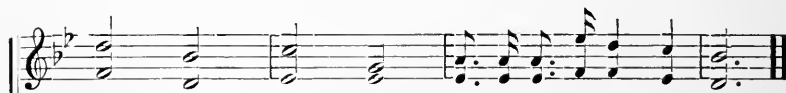
In the way of life ev - er - last-ing, We're marching home to God.
 For the King himself, our re-deem - er, Is with us while we go.
 We are gent - ly led by the Sav - ior To rest our wea - ry feet.
 We shall see the King in his beau - ty And dwell with him at last.



CHORUS.



March - ing, march - ing, Marching in the Kings highway;
 Marching, marching, onward marching, we're marching,



March - ing, march - ing Onward to the realms of day.
 Marching, marching, marching, marching,



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No. 128. The Child in the Midst.

ADALINE HOHF BEERY.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. When Je - sus was asked by his ser - vants one day, Who great - est in
 2. Tho' hon - or and rich - es may bright - en our way, And friends gather
 3. God bless - es the chil - dren be - cause they are pure, And all may be

heav - en should be, He beckoned a lit - tle one to him and said,
 round with their cheer, Ex - cept we are will - ing the poor - est to serve,
 such by his grace; Thro' crosses and cares we may rise to his throne,

CHORUS.
 Such on - ly shall en - ter with me. O Mas - ter, re - deem us from
 No wel - come to heaven we'll hear.
 And shine in the light of his face.

hard - ness and pride, And make us a child in thy sight; With meekness and

trust may our bo - som be filled, And love guide our ac - tions a - right.

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No. 120. Lovingly, Tenderly Calling.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Call - eth thee now to come
 2. Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep - herd, Gave His dear life for thee;
 3. Lin - ger - ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are a - broad to - day,

In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room;
 Ten - der - ly now He's call - ing, "Wan - der - er, come to Me";
 Seek - ing the sheep Who're stray - ing, Seek - ing the lambs to slay;

Come in the strength of man - hood, Come in the morn of youth.
 Haste, for with - out is dan - ger, Come, cries the Shepherd blest,
 Je - sus, the lov - ing Shep herd, Call - eth thee now to come

En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of truth.
 En - ter the fold of safe - ty, En - ter the place of rest.
 In - to the fold of safe - ty, Where there is rest and room.

CHORUS. Arranged.

Lov - ing - ly, ten - der - ly call - ing is He; Wan - der - er.

By Per. W. A. OGDEN.

Lovingly, Tenderly Calling—Concluded.

wan-der-er come un - to me, Pa-tient-ly wait-ing, there

rit.

stand-ing I see Je - sus my Shep-herd di - vine.

No. 130. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

L. MASON.

1. I love Thy king-dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,—
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be-fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall; For her my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our blest Re - deem-er sav'd With His own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap ple of Thine eye, And grav-en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
 I prize her heavenly ways;
 Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
 Her hymns of love and praise.

5. Sure as Thy truth shall last,
 To Zion shall be given
 The brightest glories earth can yield,
 And brighter bliss of heaven.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humb - ly en - treat; I

want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
 help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my -
 wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my

i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be
 self, and what ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be
 cleansing: I see thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be

CHORUS.

whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than
 whit - er than snow.
 whit - er than snow.

snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 132.

God for Us.

BUGLE PRELUDE. (An American National Hymn.)

C. C. CONVERSE.

f Spiritedly.



f Spiritedly. March Style.



1. God for us,— Our na-tion's hope is sure; God for us,—Our
 2. Hand in hand We form the na-tion's bounds; God for us, The
 3. God for us, Our un-ion e'er shall be. Peace, good-will, A



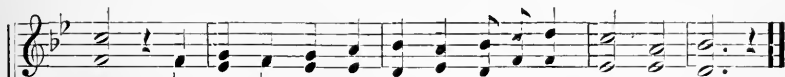
na-tion shall en-dure. His the praise For our pros-per-i-
 na tion's song re sounds. With one flag O'er land and lake and
 true fra-ter-ni-ty. Un-ion's might, When God the lead-er



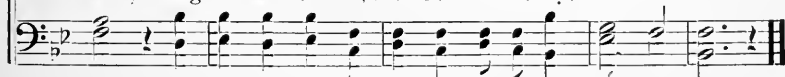
CHORUS.



ty; His for peace and for u-ni-ty. North and South, and East and
 sea; One iu heart, one in lib-er-ty.
 is, Wins for free-dom all vie-to-ries.



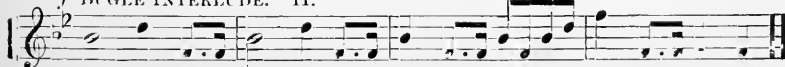
West, Sing God and Un-ion, Home and Lib-er-ty. God for us.



f BUGLE INTERLUDE. I.



f BUGLE INTERLUDE. II.



No. 133. To Thee dear Lord, I lift my Soul.

IDA L. REED.

A. BEIRLY.

1. To thee dear Lord I lift my soul, To thee for peace I fly,
 2. I know thine arm is sure and strong, And I content would lean
 3. I know not where my path may trend, What thorny wastes beside;

When tempests break and thunders roll, And clouds obscure life's sky,
 Up - on it all the way a - long, Thro'-out life's changing scene;
 But if thou'd on - ly hold my hand, I will be sat - is - fied;

For thou wilt teach me to endure, What - ev - er they may bring,
 I can - not keep the path a - lone, And I must trust to thee,
 Yes, glad to leave all else to thee, Thro' all life's fit - ful day,

And there is ref - uge sweet, se - cure, Be - neath thy shelt'ring wing.
 Thou gracious Lord, thou mighty One, Thou'rt strength and life to me.
 To know that thou my guide wilt be Who see - est all the way.

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To Thee dear Lord, I lift my Soul—Concluded.

CHORUS.

To thee dear Lord I lift my soul, To thee for peace I fly,

Where loud and wild the thunders roll, And clouds obscure the sky.

No. 134. In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an-joy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up-on the way,

All the light of sa - cred sto-ry Gath-ers round its head sub-lime.
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross tha ra-diance streaming Adds new lus-tre to the day.

4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure
 By the cross are sanctified;
 Peace is there, that knows no measure
 Joys that through all time abide.

5. In the cross of Christ I glory,
 Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time.
 All the light of sacred story
 Gathers round its head sublime.

No. 135. Oh! Hear us, Dear Jesus.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Oh! hear us, dear Je-sus, And make us to know The ten - der com -
 2. With life all be - fore us, Its tri - als and woes, Its dreadful temp -
 3. May thy bless - ed an gels, Our steps e'er at - tend, To cheer us in

pas - sion, all Chris - tians should show, Preserve us from e - vil, And
 ta - tions and bit - ter - est foes; Un - less thou dost aid us, We
 dark - ness, to warn and de - fend; To com - fort in sor - row, When

help us to be. In word, tho't and ac - tion, o - be - dient to thee.
 sure - ly shall fail, For no hu - man suc - cor, to save, can a - vail.
 err - ing, to chide, And lead us tri - umph - ant, to seat, at thy side.

CHORUS.

Je - sus we..... thy word be - lieve,..... Now our
 Je - sus we, word be - lieve,

ear - - - nest thanks re - ceive:..... Hear us
 Now our ear - nest thanks re - ceive;

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Oh! Hear us, Dear Jesus—Concluded.

as..... we hum-bly pray,Guard and gu de us, night and day.
Hear us as we humbly pray,

No. 136.

Mercy's Free.

R. JUKES.

AUBER.

1. { By faith I view my Sav-ior dy - ing, On the tree, On the tree; }
 { To ev - 'ry na - tion He is cry - ing, "Look to Me! Look to Me!" }
2. { Did Christ, when I was sin pur - su - ing, Pit - y me? Pit - y me? }
 { And did He snatch my soul from ru - in? Can it be? Can it be? }
3. { Je - sus my wea - ry soul re - fre - h - es; "Mer - cy's free! Mer - cy's free!" }
 { And ev - 'ry moment Christ is pre - cious Un - to me! Un - to me! }
4. { Long as I live I'll still be cry - ing, "Mer - cy's free! Mer - cy's free!" }
 { And this shall be my theme when dy - ing, "Mer - cy's free! Mer - cy's free!" }

He bids the guilt - y now draw near, Re - pent, believe, dismiss their fear;
Oh, yes! He did sal - va - tion bring; He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
None can describe the bliss I prove, While thro' the wilderness I rove:
And when the vale of death I've passed, When lodged above the stormy blast,

Hark! hark! what pre - cious words I hear! "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"
And now my hap - py soul can sing, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"
All may en - joy the Sav - ior's love, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"
I'll sing, while end - less a - ges last, "Mer - cy's free!" "Mer - cy's free!"

No. 137. Keep me near to Thee, dear Savior.

J. A. GARDNER.

C. C. CONVERSE.

mf Moderato.

1. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, ev - er keep me near to Thee,
 2. Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav-ior, ev - er keep me near to Thee,

I am weak and prone to wan - der, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee!
 I am thine and thine for - ev - er, Je - sus, keep me near to Thee!

cres.

Keep me from all doubt and dan - ger, keep me from all fear and blame,
 Keep me un - der Thy pro tec - tion and the shad - ow of Thy wings;

Keep me from all strife and an - ger, keep me from all sin and shame.
 Keep from tri - al and cor - rec - tion, keep from lov - ing earth - ly things.

CHORUS.

Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, ev - er keep me near to Thee!

Copyright, 1885, by C. C. CONVERSE. By per.

Keep me near to Thee, dear Savior—Concluded.

f *p* *rit. e dim.*

Keep me near to Thee, dear Sav - ior, Ev - er keep me near to Thee!

No. 138. My Country, 'tis of Thee.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze. And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing, Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet free - dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

cres.

Pil - grims' pride. From ev'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rapt - ure thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe par - take, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

No. 139. I will Wait Upon the Lord.

IDA L. REED.

C. A. WEISS.

1. I will wait up-on the Lord, For from him all bless-ings come,
 2. I will wait up-on the Lord, He my sure de-fence shall be,
 3. I will wait up-on the Lord, Keep his prom-is-es in view,

Trust-ing in his ho-ly word, Till he calls me to his home.
 All a-long life's rug-ged road, I his lov-ing care shall see.
 Dai-ly at his throne of love, I my strength will e'er re-new.

I will wait on thee,
 I will wait on thee; I will wait on thee,

I will wait on thee.
 I will wait up-on the Lord.

CHORUS.

Trust - - ing thy ho - - ly word. Trust - - ing thy
 Yes, in thy ho-ly word, thy ho-ly word, Thy blessed word, thy

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I will Wait Upon the Lord—Concluded.

ho - - - ly word, Till thou shalt

ble - ed. ho - ly word, Till thou shalt call me

call me to my fair home.

to my home a - bove, my fair sweet home a - bove.

No. 140. How do Thy Mercies.

C. WESLEY.

FEDERAL STREET.

1. How do thy mer-cies close me round! For-ev-er be thy name a-dored;
2. In - ured to pov - er - ty and pain, A suf-f'ring life my Master led;
3. But lo! a place he hath pre-pared For me, whom watchful an-gels keep;
4. Je - sus pro-TECTS; my fears, be gone; What can the Rock of A-ges move?

I blush in all things to a-bound; The ser-vant is a - bove his Lord.
 The Son of God, the Son of man. He had not whereto lay his head.
 Yea, he him-self be-comes my guard; He smooths my bed and gives me sleep.
 Safe in thy arms I lay me down, Thine ev-er-last - ing arms of love.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 5. While thou art intimately nigh,
 Who, who shall violate my rest?
 Sin, earth and hell I now defy;
 I lean upon my Savior's breast. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 6. I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
 My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
 Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed
 Wilt keep me still in perfect peace. |
|---|--|

No. 141. Beautiful Home of the Angels.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, How have our spir - its been
 2. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, Thou hast no sor - rows we're
 3. Beau - ti - ful home of the an - gels, Ra - di - ant re - gion of

stirred, When of thy won - der - ful glo - ries,
 told; And that, with - in thy bright bor - ders,
 day, Some - time our eyes shall be - hold thee—

CHORUS.

We the glad sto - ry have heard! Home of the an - gels—
 Ne'er shall the youthful grow old!
 Je - sus is lead - ing that way!

An - gels as bright as can be; Home, with the white robes for

chil - dren, Some - time we're com - ing to thee!

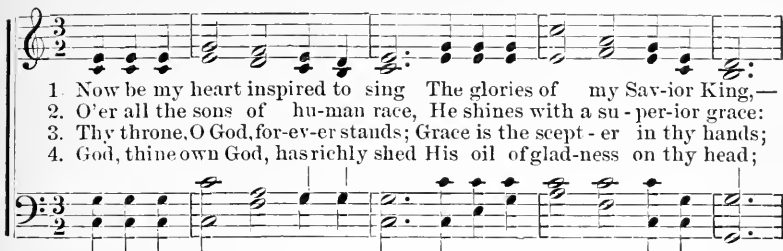
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No. 142.

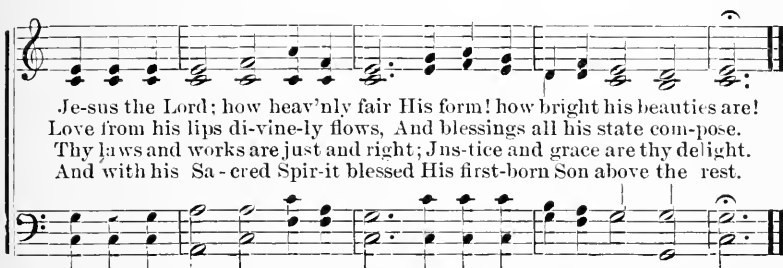
Elmhurst.

(L. M.)

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. Now be my heart inspired to sing The glories of my Sav-ior King, —
 2. O'er all the sons of hu-man race, He shines with a su-per-ior grace:
 3. Thy throne, O God, for-ev-er stands; Grace is the scept-er in thy hands;
 4. God, thine own God, has richly shed His oil of glad-ness on thy head;



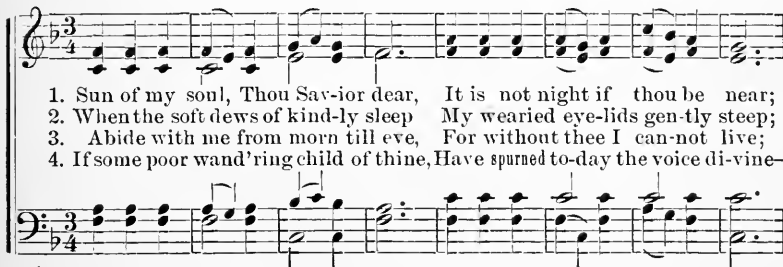
Je-sus the Lord; how heav'nly fair His form! how bright his beauties are!
 Love from his lips di-vine-ly flows, And blessings all his state com-pose.
 Thy laws and works are just and right; Jns-tice and grace are thy delight.
 And with his Sa-cred Spir-it blessed His first-born Son above the rest.

No. 143.

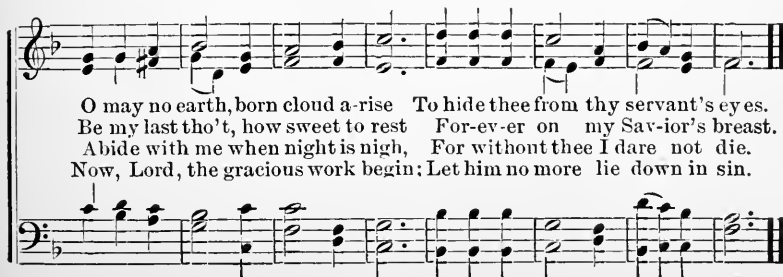
Sun of my Soul.

J. KEBLE.

F. J. HAYDN.



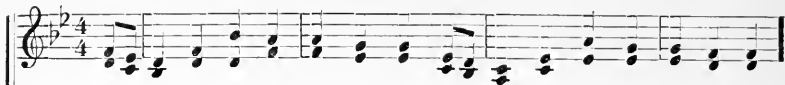
1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if thou be near;
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep;
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can-not live;
 4. If some poor wand'ring child of thine, Have spurned to-day the voice di-vine-



O may no earth, born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.
 Abide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. A vis-ion bright ap-peared to me, I passed in - to e - ter - ni - ty,
2. Then came a pure and ho - ly band, In shin - ing robes with palm in hand,
3. Ah! there ar - rayed in roy - al state, A mul - ti - tude pass thro' the gate,
4. See now an - oth - er might - y throng! Un - num - bered mil - lions pass along,
5. All heav - en joins the glad re - frain, 'Wor - thy the Lamb for sin - ners slain!'



At heav - en's court I stood, Tri - umphant shouts came from a far,
 And marched thro' heav - en's court; Who art these blest ones pass - ing by?
 And shouts of tri - umph ring; Who, who are these up - on whose brow,
 In - to the realms of light; There, thro' the gate, bless God! I see
 To him the glo - ry be; All glo - ry be to God on high,



Re - sound - ing thro' the gates a - jar, From Pro - phets of our God,
 Me - thinks I hear the sweet re - ply, "A - pos - tles of our Lord."
 Ap - pears a crown of glo - ry now? "The Mar - tyrs for their King."
 The ho - ly blood - washed com - pa - ny Of saints ar - rayed in white.
 Come, sin - ner, there may you and I En - ter e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



They pass to the throne, All the
 They pass to the throne,



Heavenly Vision—Concluded.

heav'ns are fill'd with joy, Where praise shall a-
fill'd with joy, Where praise

lone Ev-er be the saints' em-ploy, em-ploy.
shall a-lone saints' employ.

Repeat pp.

No. 145.

Come to Jesus.

1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now,

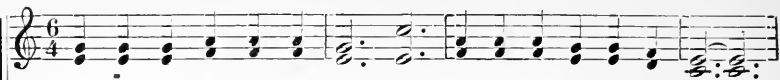
Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

- | | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|
| 2. He will save you. | 7. Call upon him. | 12. Only trust him. |
| 3. Oh, believe him. | 8. He will hear you. | 13. Jesus loves you. |
| 4. He is able. | 9. Look unto him. | 14. Don't reject him. |
| 5. He is willing. | 10. He'll forgive you. | 15. I believe him. |
| 6. He'll receive you. | 11. Flee to Jesus. | 16. Hallelujah, Amen |

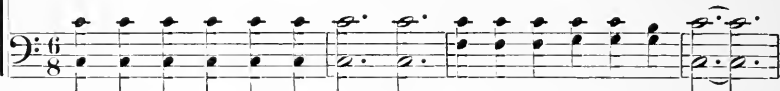
No. 146. Something for Me to Do.

E. R. LATTA.

C. A. WEISS.



1. Je - sus is bid-ding the I - dlers, Haste to his vine yard a - way:
2. Breaking the soil of the spir - it, Sow - ing the ker-nels of truth,
3. We must ac-count to our Mas-ter, Ma - ny the tal-ents, or few,



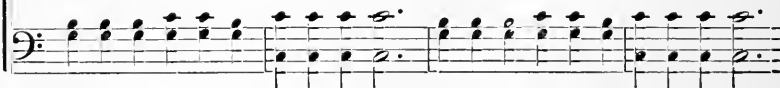
There is so much that needs do - ing, All should his bid-ding o - bey.
Watching the rip - en - ing fruit - age, Car - ing for age, and for youth.
How shall our spir-its make an - swer, If to our mis-sion un - true?



CHORUS.



Something that great is, or something that's small Waiteth the doing of one, and of all;



Something, my bro-ther, for you. Something for me, to do.



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No. 147. The Beautiful Babe of Bethlehem.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. The beau - ti - ful Babe of Beth - le - hem, By prophets so long fore - told,
 2. The beau - ti - ful Babe of Beth - le - hem, The Ma - gi re - joic'd to view;
 3. The beau - ti - ful Babe of Beth - le - hem Was of - fer'd for you and me,
 4. The beau - ti - ful Babe of Beth - le - hem Is ruling up - on the throne;

The au - gels announced 'neath starry gleam, While slumber'd the Shepherd's fold!
 And fond - ly they worship paid to him: And we may adore Him, too!
 That we might ob - tain a di - a - dem, Where troubles may never be!
 And, oh, in the New Je - ru - sa - lem, We ev - er may be his own!

CHORUS.

Then, ring, bells, ti - dings wide - ly fling, then ring! ring!
 ring bells,

Ring, bells! Christ is our great King! then ring! ring! Ring, bells!
 ring, bells.

Christ is our great King! then ring, ring! Ring, bells! ring!.....
 Je - sus' ad - vent ring!
 ring, ring,

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No. 148. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.

C. WESLEY.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;
2. Hail! the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail! the Sun of right-eous-ness!

Peace on earth, "and mer-cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on ciled;
Light and life to all he brings, Ris'n with heal-ing in his wings;

Joy - ful all ye na-tions rise, Join the tri-umph of the skies;
Let us then with an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King;

With th'an-gel - ic host pro-claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem;
Peace on earth, "and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners rec - on-ciled;

With th'an-gel - ic host proclaim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem.
Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con-ciled."

No. 149.

Christmas Carol.

Rev. W. J. HERBERT HOGAN.

W. A. OGDEN

Spirited.

1. Al - le - lu - ia! hear the song, Chorused by the an - gel throng;
 2. Like a hum - ble work - man's child, Christ the mighty Sav - ior came,
 3. For his, sake who loves us all, We should love our fel - low men,

Peace, good-will to man be giv'n, Praise to God in heav'n.
 Tend - ed by the Vir - gin mild, Scorn - ing earth - ly fame.
 Spurn - ing not the weak and small; He will come a - gain.

CHORUS.

Join..... in the chant di-vine, Praise Je-ho-vah, praise Je-ho-vah,
 Join the chant, the chant di-vine,

Repeat pp.

Light..... o'er the world doth shine, Praise Je-ho-vah's name.
 Light o'er world, the world doth shine,

No.150. Child in the Manger, We hail Thee.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. Guid-ed by the star on wing Wise men sought and found the King,
 2. Watch-ing o'er their flock at night, Shepherds saw the heav'nly light—
 3. See the bright an-gel-ic throng, Lis-ten to their bliss-ful song,

In the man-ger all be-gin Wor-ship'd him as God di-vine.
 Heard the an-gles wondrous word Of the new-born Christ and Lord.
 As they her-ald Christ our King, How their might-y voi-ces ring:

Un-to them their hom-age paid, Prec-ious gifts be-fore him laid.
 When the bless-ed child they found, Spread the ti-dings all a-round.
 Glo-ry be to God on high, Peace to all be-low the sky:

So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Seek and find and worship thee.
 So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Spread the glor-ious news of thee.
 So, most gra-cious Lord, may we Ev-er-nore be prais-ing thee.

CHORUS

Child in the man-ger, we hail..... thee, Child in the
 we hail

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Child in the Manger—Concluded.

man - ger, we wor - ship thee, Child in the man - ger, we
 bless and a-dore thee? Loy - al to thee we would ev - er be.

No. 151. Joy to the World.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

HANDEL. ARR. BY MASON.

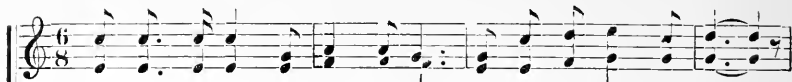
1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev-'ry
 heart pre-pare him room, And heav'n and na-ture sing, And
 And heav'n and na-ture
 And heav'n and na-ture
 heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
 sing,.....
 sing, And heav'n and na-ture sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Savior reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
 Repeat the sounding joy. [plains
 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;

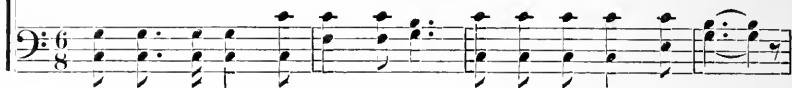
He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.
 He rules the world with truth and
 And makes the nations prove [grace,
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

LAURA E. NEWELL.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



1. Be-hold the Lord, the ris - en Lord, Hath burst death's bonds in twain,
2. Be-hold your Lord on Cal - va - ry! In ag - o - uy He died.
3. It was thy soul He died to save, He vanquish'd death and sin;
4. Re-joyce, the Lord is risen to - day! To rule in pow'r and might,



Up - on this glo - rious East - er day, Re - joyce, He lives a - gain!
 Oh! see Him nail'd up - on the tree, Dear Christ the cru - ci - fied.
 He died that we might be re-deem'd, And each the vic - t'ry win.
 Be-hold Him! greet the ris - en Lord, The Prince of peace and light.



REFRAIN.



Be - hold, be - hold the ris - en Lord! He comes his own to bless;



He lives to light life's dark-some way, And gild earth's wil-der-ness.



No. 153. Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY.

J. MORGAN.

1. Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day, *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

sons of men, and an - gels, say; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 Christ hath burst the gates of hell; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

Raise your joys and tri - umphs high! *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 Lo, our Sun's e - clipse is o'er; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*
 Death in vain for - bids his rise; *Al - - - le - lu - ia!*

Sing, ye heav'ns! and earth, re - ply! *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*
 Lo, he sets in blood no more; *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*
 Christ hath o - pened par - a - dise. *Al - - - le - lu - - ia!*

4. Lives again our glorious King;
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?"
 Once he died our souls to save;
 "Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?"

5. Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Following our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

No. 154. Hallelujah! the Savior has Risen.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

ALFRED BEIRLY. By per.

Not too fast.

1. Hal-le - lu - jah! the Sav - ior is ris - en! Oh! spread the glad
 2. Now ex - alt - ed, He reign - eth in glo - ry, Who once in the
 3. Oh, be com - fort - ed, chil - dren of sor - row, The dawn of that
 4. Hal-le - lu - jah! the mu - sic is ring - ing O'er con - ti - nent,

ti - dings of joy; He has brok - en the bars of the pris - on,
 sep - ul - chre lay; On the earth we re - peat the glad sto - ry,
 Sab - bath shall break, That will bring you the end - less to - mor - row,
 isl - and and sea, And the na - tions a trib - ute are bring - ing, —

CHORUS.

Oh! praise our Re-

And death can no lon - ger de - stroy. Oh! praise him, oh! praise him, our
 And sound his high prais - es to - day.
 And they that are sleeping shall wake.
 We join in the glad ju - bi - lee.

deem - er,

Lord and Re - deem - er! Re - joice and ex - ult - ing - ly sing; He is

Hallelujah! the Savior has Risen—Concluded.

ris-en and liveth for - ev - er, Proclaim Him your Savior and King.

No. 155.

Angel Watchers.

(For the Little Ones.)

Mrs. ADALINE H. BEERY.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.

1. We are hap-py lit-tle chil-dren; An-gels watch us ev-'ry day,
2. When we're ly-ing sick and wea-ry, An-gels make our pil-lows soft,
3. Oh, this life would be so thorn-y, If the an-gels were not near

Fol-low us thro' paths of dan-ger, And at night be-side us stay.
Whis-per of the rest of heav-en, Bear our sighs and pray'rs a-loft.
Ev-er to re-move the troub-le, And to make the joy ap-pear.

CHORUS.

An-gels, sweet and blessed an-gels, Spir-its from the heav'nly land,

Guard a-round us lit-tle chil-dren, Swift and strong, a shining band.

DUET.

H. W. FAIRBANK. By per.

1. Now all the bells are ring-ing, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 2. O has-ten we to meet him, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -
 3. Still Je-sus, we a - dore thee, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le -

lu - ia! And we with joy are sing-ing, To wel-come Eas-ter
 lu - ia! With love and awe to greet him, As he is draw-ing
 lu - ia! Still, as we knee be-fore thee, We hear thee say "all

day; For Je - sus hath a - ris - en From Jo - seph's rock-v
 near: Of old, his friends were bid-den to haste to Gal - li-
 hail!" Thou who art now de-scend-ing, To raise us up to

ceive, Hath burst his three-days' pris-on, and triumphed o'er the grave.
 lee; Still in his church, all glorious, Our ris - en Lord will be.
 thee, An eas - ter-tide un-end-ing Grant us in heav'n to see.

Christ is Risen—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en. See! the
Christ is ris-en, Christ is ris-en.

stone at the tomb is rolled a-way; We'll sing praise to him to-day.

No. 157.

Rock of Ages.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THO. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of A-ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee;
D. C. Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

D. C.

Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy riv-en side which flow'd,

2. Not the labor of my hands
Can fulfil the laws demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.
3. Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

- Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die.
4. While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyes shall close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgement throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. A. M.

ROBERT K. MOORE. By per.

1. All the na-tions are read - y and wait-ing, For the toc - sin of
 2. Then we'll sing of his gra-cious sal - va-tion, And a-loud shall the
 3. We may shout from the top of the moun-tain, In the val - ley of
 4. He is wor - thy of love's rich-est to - ken, And to ev - 'ry af-

prais - es to ring; While the mill-ions are list-'ning and long-ing,
 cho - rus-es ring; In the deep swell-ing an-thems of prais-es,
 bless-ings may sing; And re-joice in the deep-est of tri-als,
 fec-tion we bring; All the gold and the sil-ver of na-tions,

CHORUS.

For the song of the heav-en - ly King. O this wonderful, wonderful
 To this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King.
 In this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King.
 We must lay at the feet of our King.

King..... O this won-der-ful, won-der-ful King, All the
 won-der-ful King.

Our Wonderful King—Concluded.

na-tions are read - y and waiting, For this wonderful, wonderful King.

No. 159. I am Coming, Lord.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleansing
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect

CHORUS.

in Thy precious blood, That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. I am coming, Lord,
vile-ness ful-ly cleanse, Till spot - less all, and pure.
hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.

Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

4. And he the witness gives
To loyal hearts and free;
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

5. All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

J. H. K.

J. H. KURZENKNABE. By per.

1. O - ver the riv - er, from shore to shore, Mor - tals each mo - ment are
 2. Has - ten, ye doubting, de - cide your fate! Wait not, to mor - row may
 3. Com - ing so soon - 'tis the an - gel of death! Read - y, 'tis ech - oed in
 4. This is the fi - at' of God's de - cree; Thou art and thou shalt for

pass - ing o'er, From ev - 'ry land and from ev - 'ry clime,
 be too late! List to the warn - ings from heav'n and hell;
 bat - ed breath! Swift - ly the ves - sel will on - ward glide,
 ev - er be, Heav - ens shall melt, age and time ex - pire,

Pass - ing the lim - its and bounds of time; Ask you where to can their
 Seek the as - sur - ance that all is well; Flee to the Sav - ior who
 O - ver the wa - ters so deep and wide, Then cast her an - chor and
 Worlds pass a - way and be wrapt in fire, Yet noth - ing chan - ges thy

mis - sion be? All for the bound - less E - ter - ni - ty,
 died for thee, Go thou, pre - pare for E - ter - ni - ty,
 all will be Launched in the bound - less E - ter - ni - ty,
 des - ti - ny, There in the bound - less E - ter - ni - ty,

Eternity, Eternity—Concluded.

CHORUS.

All for the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty. Vast and boundless E-
Go thou, pre-pare for E - ter - ni - ty.
Launched in the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty.
There in the bound-less E - ter - ni - ty.

ter - ni - ty, Who can fath - om thy mys - ter - y ?

Age to age will the prob-lem be, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty.

No. 161.

Gloria Patri.

WM. BOYDE.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end. A - men.

No. 162. To Thee, Jesus, I am Coming.

E. R. LATTÀ.

(For the Little Ones.)

LOUIS MAX WEISS.

1. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, For I hear thee call - ing me;
 2. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, And thy bless - ing I would share,
 3. To thee, Je - sus, I am com - ing, As thou bid - dest me to do;

I would seek thy face, dear Sav - ior. Tho' a lit - tle child I be!
 Let me la - bor in thy vineyard. Tho' I do but lit - tle there!
 Take me, Lord, and lest I wan - der Guide me all my journey thro'!

CHORUS.

Lord, be mine!..... make me thine! Make and keep me ev - er
 Lord be mine! make me thine, keep me

thine,..... Lord be mine!..... Make me thine.....
 ev - er thine, Lord be mine! make me

..... Make and keep me ev - er thine!.....
 thine, Keep, make and keep me ev - er thine!

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E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Je - sus is a mer - ci - ful Sav - ior. Meek and mild, meek and mild;
 2. Je - sus is a friend to the wea - ry. Gives them rest, gives them rest,
 3. Je - sus loves the du - ti - ful children. Loves them well, loves them well,

Sweet his love and ten - der his fa - vor To each lit - tle child.
 Folds the weak, in ten - der com - pas - sion, To his lov - ing breast.
 And will take them in - to his king - dom Ev - er - more to dwell.

CHORUS.

Love him, love him, chil - dren dear, Who from heav - en came,

And with voic - es, sweet and clear, Praise his ho - ly name.

W. A. O. *Spirited.*

W. A. OGDEN. By per.

1. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;
 2. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;
 3. Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up a standard for the people;

Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;
 Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;
 Go thro' the gates, prepare ye the way, Lift up the standard of our God;

Cast ye up a glo-rious highway For the com - ing of our King,
 Who is this that comes from E-dom With his gar - ments dyed in blood?
 Now ex - alt the Son of glo-ry, Spread his won-drous name a-broad,

Sing his prais-es, tell his glo - ry, Make the gates of Zi - on ring,
 'Tis the Lord of life and glo - ry, 'Tis the bless-ed Son of God,
 Un - to men he brings sal - va-tion, Je - sus Christ, the Son of God,

Mighty to Save.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Might-y to save, might-y to save, Say ye to the daughter of Zi-on,

Might-y to save, might-y to save, Je-sus Christ is might-y to save.

No. 165. Depth of Mercy.

C. WESLEY.

Pleyel's Hymn.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
 2. I have long withstood his grace; Long pro-voked him to his face;
 3. Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sins la-ment;

Can my God [his wrath for-bear,— Me the chief of sin-ners, spare?
 Would not heark-en to his calls; Grieved him by a thousand falls.
 Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more.

4. Kindled his relentings are;
 Me he now delights to spare;
 Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
5. There for me the Savior stands,
 Shows his wounds and spreads his
 God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

No. 166. Coming to Jesus to-day.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER. A. M.

ROBERT K. MOORE. By per.

1. "Come un - to me," the dear Sav-ior has said; Come with be-
 2. Je - sus is wait - ing with to - kens of love, Sweet - est of
 3. Je - sus is read - y and might - y to save, Strong to de-
 4. Un - der His cross we for - ev - er shall hide, Safe in his

lieving, re - joice and be glad; Come while there's par-don and
 mer-cies your tho'ts to ap - prove, Read - y to crown you with
 liv - er from bonds that en - slave; Je - sus has triumph'd o'er
 in - fi nite love to a - bide, Feel - ing his mer - its of

CHORUS. Com - ing,

peace to be had, Com-ing to Je - sus to day. Coming to Jesus, I'm
 joys from a - bove, Hon - or and glo - ry to day.
 death and the grave. Jus-tice is lost in his love.
 mer - cy ap - plied. Answering, Je - sus, I come.

com - ing, I'm com-ing to Je - sus to - day,.....

coming to day, Yes, I'm coming I'm com-ing to Je - sus to - day:

Coming to Jesus to-day—Concluded.

Com - ing, com - ing, I'm com-ing to Je-sus to - day.

Musical notation for the first piece, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'Com - ing, com - ing, I'm com-ing to Je-sus to - day.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes.

com-ing to Je-sus, I'm coming to-day, Yes, coming, I'm coming to-day.

No. 167. In Sweet By-and-by.

I. N. McHose.

I. N. McHose.

DUET.

FULL CHORUS.

DUET.

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics '1. We will lay our burdens down, By-and-by, by-and-by; Leave the cross and 2. Pain and suff'ring will be o'er, By-and-by, by-and-by; When we reach you 3. Sin's dark night will pass away, By-and-by, by-and-by; Then we'll live in 4. Tho' we part, we'll meet a-gain, By-and-by, by-and-by; Meet as priests and'. The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes.

1. We will lay our burdens down, By-and-by, by-and-by; Leave the cross and
2. Pain and suff'ring will be o'er, By-and-by, by-and-by; When we reach you
3. Sin's dark night will pass away, By-and-by, by-and-by; Then we'll live in
4. Tho' we part, we'll meet a-gain, By-and-by, by-and-by; Meet as priests and

FULL CHORUS.

REFRAIN.

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by. Oh, we will hap-py be, bliss-ful shore, In sweet by-and-by. end-less day, In sweet by-and-by. kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes.

wear the crown, In sweet by-and-by. Oh, we will hap-py be,
 bliss-ful shore, In sweet by-and-by.
 end-less day, In sweet by-and-by.
 kings, to reign In sweet by-and-by.

By-and-by, by-and-by; Prais-ing e - ter-nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The vocal line begins with the lyrics 'By-and-by, by-and-by; Prais-ing e - ter-nal-ly, In sweet by-and-by.' The piano accompaniment consists of chords and eighth notes.

No. 168. Oh, come to the Savior, Children.

E. R. LATTA.

GEO. F. ROSCHE.



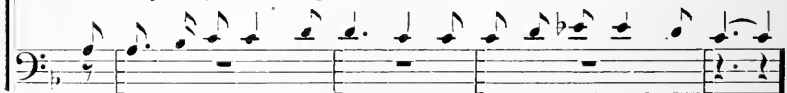
1. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, chil-dren, He's call-ing to you to - day!
2. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, chil-dren, For he is the Liv-ing way;
3. Oh, come to the Sav-ior, chil-dren, And he will your sins for-give;



Yes, come, and ac-cept his guid-ance, That nev - er your feet may stray!
 Thro' him you may en - ter glo - ry, If you will his voice o - bey!
 He'll ten - der - ly guide your foot-steps, And comfort you while you live!



He'll be your pro-TECT - ing shep-herd, To shel-ter your souls from ill!
 If you will but seek him ear - ly, You cer-tain - ly him shall find!
 He'll be your pro-TECT - ing shep-herd, To shel-ter your souls from ill!



And e - ven tho' friends forsake you, He'll be the same Je - sus still!
 And then he will nev - er leave you, For he is so good and kind!
 And e - ven tho' friends forsake you, He'll be the same Je - sus still!



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No. 169. Thy Will not Mine be Done.

W. H. GARDNER.

A. BEIRLY.

1. When our fond-est hopes are shaken, When the days of darkness come,
 2. Could we see the sil - ver lin - ing, Hid be - hind the dark - ened sun,
 3. If the foe doth e'er be - set you, And the vic - t'ry must be won,
 4. Trust the Lord in joy and sad - ness, He will aid each help - less one,

Teach us all to say, O Fath - er! "Lord, Thy will" not mine be done!"
 We would patient wait the tem - pest, Say - ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."
 Has - ten on - ward to the bat - tle, Cry - ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."
 Raise your weeping eyes to heaven, Pray - ing, "Lord, Thy will be done."

REFRAIN.

Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done, Thou knowest
 Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done.

what for me is best, Help us to say, Dear Lord, to -
 Thou knowest what for me is best, Help us to say,

day, Thy will not mine, O Lord, be done,
 Dear Lord, to - day. Thy will, not mine, O Lord, be done.

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No. 170.

Learn to Wait.

L. B. MITCHELL.
Allegretto.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. In the ser-vice of our King, Oft - en there is long de - lay,
2. We should work and wait and trust, Patient, hope-ful, faith-ful, true;
3. Let us then in pa-tience wait For the har - vest to ap-pear;

In the fruit - age of our toil And our pray'rs a - long the way.
For these grac - es we have need All the toil - some jour-ney thro'.

And for rich re - ward at last We should nev-er, nev-er fear.

CHORUS.

Learn to wait,..... yes, learn to wait,..... Tho' the
Learn to wait, yes, learn to wait,

har - vest seemeth slow,..... Precious seed that thou hast
Tho' the harvest seem-eth slow, Precious seed

sown..... In God's own good time will grow.....
that thou hast sown will grow.

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No. 171. The Joyful Gospel Song.

Laura E. Newell.

Geo. F. Rosche.

1. Shout, shout the gospel song, Christ rules the world. Raise high his banner
 2. Glad glad the mes-sage sweet, Borne to our hearts, Christ to each trusting
 3. Shout Christians! swell the song! Tell of his might. Speak of his wondrous

now, Grandly un-furled. Let all the peo- ple know, Know of his
 soul. His grace im-parts. Bright, bright the shining way, We all may
 pow'r. Walk in the light, Still our pe - ti - tion be, Fer - vent and

CHORUS.

love, Till all to Christ shall bow, His good-ness prove. Proclaim the joyful
 tread, Till thro' the gates of day, By him we're led.
 true, "Near-er, dear Lord to Thee," Till heav'n we view.

gos - pel song, Its notes of tri - umph send a - long, Till

Repeat Chorus pp.

all man-kind u - nite and sing Of Christ our Lord and King.

No. 172. King Jesus calls for Volunteers.

IDA L. REED.

W. H. EISELE.

1. King Je - sus calls for vol - un - teers, Dear boys, en -
 2. Come for - ward now, the Cap - tain stands A - part and
 3. Come, vol - un - teer be - neath your King, Yes, vol - un -

D. C. King Je - sus calls, his voice o - bey, And vol - un -

list! He needs you all, Fling to the winds your i - dle
 waits ea - ger to know, How ma - ny hearts, how ma - ny
 teer his ranks to fill, Hearts will - ing to the con - flict

teer with him to fight, Come for - ward all, He leads the

Fine. UNISON.
 fears, And fol - low him, o - bey his call. A -
 hands Will fight with him a - gainst the foe; To
 bring, And read - y hands to do his will. Grand

way For love and home, for truth and light.

gainst our val - iant lit - tle band, Sin's ranks are proud - ly
 rob him of his pow'r and free The souls who cap - tive
 is the war - fare for the brave, There is a her - i

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King Jesus calls for Volunteers.—Concluded.

march-ing on, But brave-ly we will fol-low Christ's com-mand, And long have been, To safe-ly lead them in-to light and peace And tate on high, God wills to those who to the end en-dure, A

D. C.
for him we'll bat-tle e'er loy-al to his name.
break from their spir-its the fet-ters strong of sin.
glo-ri-ous home in that land be-yond the sky.

No. 173.

Dennis.

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT.

(S. M.)

From H. G. NAGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent prayers;
3. We share our mu-tual woes; Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
But we shall still, be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

No. 174. The Land where the Sun never Sets.

WILLIAM HENRY GARDNER.

EDWIN J. WALKER.

1. In the land where the sun nev - er sets, There is peace for you
 2. Far a - way from the tu - mult of earth You may sleep when the
 3. In the land of e - ter - ni - ty blest There are loved ones a -
 4. Oh, take heart then, ye wea - ry and worn, For the jour - ney of

there troub - led one; In the beau - ti - ful Cit - y of Rest There is
 bat - tle is won. And re - ceive from the hands of the King Your re -
 wait - ing you there Who are long - ing to show you the way To the
 life is most o'er! And your bur - dens ye soon shall lay down Where they

CHORUS. *Faster.*

joy for you too, wea - ry one. For there no night e'er comes to
 ward and the plau - dit "Well done!"
 Ha - ven of Rest from all care.
 nev - er shall wea - ry you more.

cloud the hap - py day, Nor cru - el doubts and fears to chase its joys a -

way; The glo - rious Son of Light makes bright the joy - ous land.

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The Land where the Sun never sets—Concluded.

And all the shin-ing throng de-lights in his com-mand.

No. 175. The Great Physician.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON. Arr. *Fine.*

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus;
2. Your ma-nysins are all for-giv'n, O, hear the voice of Je-sus;
3. All glo-ry to the dy-ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je-sus;
4. And when to that bright world a-bove, We rise to see our Je-sus,

D. C. Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O, hear the voice of Je-sus.
 Go on your way in peace to hear'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus.
 I love the bless-ed Sav-ior's name, I love the name of Je-sus.
 We'll sing a-round the throne of love His name, the name of Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

Sweetest note of ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, And let your song re-sound, Ring
 2. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, A joy-ful mel-o-dy; Tell
 3. Ring out, O mer-ry Sab-bath bells, Your notes are full of love, They

out and tell the Sav-ior's love To all the world a-round. Peal
 of the Sav-ior's low-ly birth, His life in Gal-i-lee; Tell
 whis-per of the way of truth That leads to peace a-bove; O

forth the ti-dings of his love, To ev-'ry tribe and tongue, Un-
 of his might-y deeds of love, Tell of the life he gave, And
 nev-er may your song be done, Till all the world shall hear The

til thro'-out the heath-en world, His prats-es shall be sung.
 how for you and me he rose Tri-umph-ant from the grave.
 bless-ed sto-ry of his love, And serve the Lord with fear.

CHORUS. out.....

Ring, mer-ry Sab-bath bells, ring out a mer-ry, mer-ry strain; In-

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Sabbath Bells—Concluded.

spire our hearts a - new To love the good and true.

ring.....
Ring, mer - ry Sab-bath bells, O ring a - gain that glad re-frain; Our

hearts u - nit - ed join to sing The prais-es of our King.

No. 177.

Am I a Soldier.

ISAAC WATTS.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease;
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage Lord;

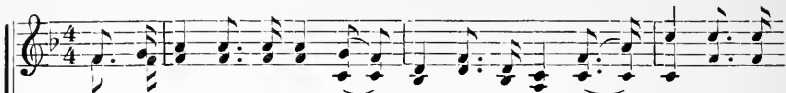
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?
Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by thy word.

No. 178.

He has Come.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



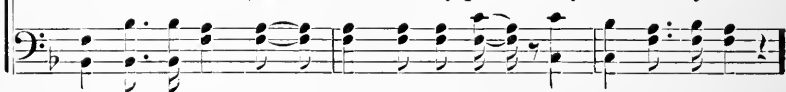
1. He has come! he has come! my Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my
2. He has come! he has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev-'ry tho't of my
3. He has come! he has come! O hap - pi - est heart, He has giv-en his
4. He has come! to a-bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my



heart as his own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the
be - ing is swayed by his word; He has come! and he rules in the
word that he will not de - part; No troub - le can en - ter, no
Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray - er, Lord,



wel - come he sought, He has come and his com - ing all glad - ness has bro't.
realm of my soul, And his scep - ter is love, O bless - ed con - trol!
e - vil can come, To the heart where the God of peace has his home.
since thou art come, Make meet for thy presence my heart as thy home.



CHORUS.



Joy! joy is mine, My Savior divine, Comes to abide with me, with me;
with me



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He has Come.—Concluded.

rit.

Come to a-bide, ever to abide, My own loving Savior a-bid-eth with me.

No. 179. Jesus is Mine.

Dr. H. BONAR.

ASA HULL. Arr.

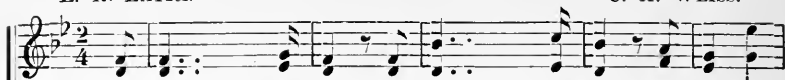
1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry
 2. Tempt not my soul a-way; Je - sus is mine! Here would I
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der-ness;
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
 dawn-ing bright, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried

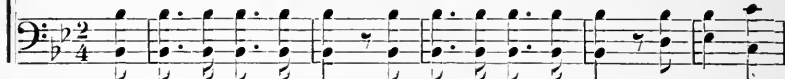
Earth hath no rest-ing place; Je - sus a-lone can bless; Je - sus is mine;
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away; Je - sus is mine!
 Left but a dis-mal void; Je - sus has sat - is-fied; Je - sus is mine!

E. R. LATTA.

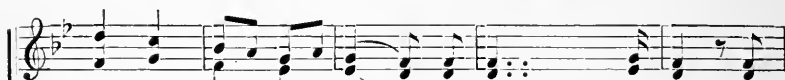
C. A. WEISS.



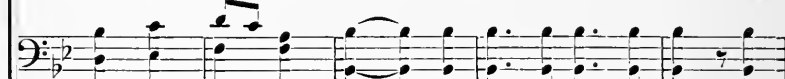
1. Oh, Ca - - naan land, Oh, Ca - - naan land, Wheresaintsand
2. Oh, Ca - - naan land, how ma - - ny feet, Have journey'd
3. Oh, Ca - - naan land, we're march - ing on, And oh, the



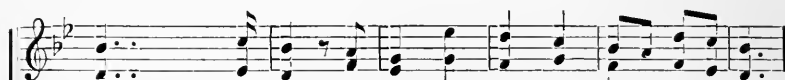
Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, Oh, Canaan, Canaan land!
 Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, how ma - ny, ma - ny feet,
 Oh, Canaan, Canaan land, we're marching, marching on



shin - ing an - gels stand; We're march - - ing tow'rd thy
 tow'rd thy blest re - treat! And oh, the scenes thy
 bliss when thou art won; Our jour - - ney - ings shall



We're marching tow'rd thy re - gion
 And oh, the scenes thy dwell - ers
 Our jour - ney - ings shall all be

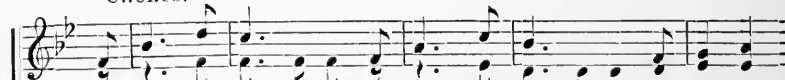


re - - - gion fair, And hope to en - ter safe - ly there!
 dwell - - ers view, That earth - ly Ca - naan nev - er knew!
 all be o'er, When we have reached thy hap - py shore!

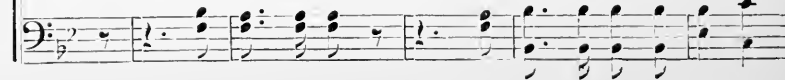


fair, thy re - gion fair,
 view, thy dwellers view,
 o'er, shall all be o'er,

CHORUS.



Oh, Ca - naan land! blest Ca - naan land, By faith we
 Oh, Ca - naan land! blest Ca - naan land,



Oh, Canaan Land.—Concluded.

see thy beau - ties bright! We see thy count - less com - pa -
 We see thy count - less
 see thy beauties bright!

clothed in white.
 ny, Of ran - somed sin - ners, sin - ners clothed in white.
 com - pa - ny, Of ran - som'd sinners, ransomed sinners clothed in white.
 Of ransom'd sinners, ransom'd sinners clothed in white.

No. 181.

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a - bout, With many a conflict, many a doubt,

And that 'Thou bid'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears with - in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, | 5. Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind, | Wilt welcome pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, | Because 'Thy promise I be - lieve.
 O Lamb of God! I come, I come! | O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

SOLO. CHORUS.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev'ry land, One by one, one by one;
 2. Be-fore they may rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one;
 3. Dear Je-sus, Re - deem-er, we look to thee, One by one, one by one;

SOLO. CHORUS.

As wea-ry, their feet touch the shin-ing strand, Yes, one by one.
 Thro' death's chilling wa-ters they en-ter life, Yes, one by one.
 We lift up our sad voic - estrem-bling-ly, Yes, one by one.

DUET.

Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown, Their travel-stained garments are
 To some are the floods of the riv-er still While fording their way to the
 The ways of the riv-er are dark and cold, We see not the place where our

all laid down, And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead Where
 heav'n-ly hill; To oth-ers the wa-ters run fierce-ly and wild While
 feet may hold; Thon who did'st pass thro' in the deep midnight O

CHORUS.

Je - sus doth love his saints to lead. Gath'ring home, gath,ring home,
 gathering home to the un - de-filed.
 strengthen us, send us thy wood - en staff.

Gathering Home.—Concluded.

Fording the river one by one; Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Yes, one by one.

No. 183.

There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Western Melody.

1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That foun-tain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb! thy pre-cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow-ing wounds sup ply
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet-er song, I'll sing thy power to save,

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
 And there may I tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem-ing love has been my theme And shall be, till I die.
 When this poor lisp-ing, stamm'ring tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

D. C. And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Lose all their guilt - ty stains, Lose all their guilt - ty stains;

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Sav-ior died, 'Twas there my
 2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, my Sav-ior
 4. O Je - sus, Lord how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cru-ci-fied; 'Twas on the cross he bled for
 bows his head and dies; The op'ning veil re-veals the
 give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag - o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
 way To heav-ens joys and end-less day.
 ny, In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!

mf REFRAIN. *p* *m* *p* *pp*
 O Cal - va - ry! dark Cal - va - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, (for me,)

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
 O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! Twas there my Sav-ior died for me.

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INDEX.

Titles in SMALL CAPS—First Lines in Roman.

	No.		No.
AFTER LIFE'S TOILING.....	83	ELMHURST.....	142
Alleluia! hear the song.....	149	Eternal are thy mercies.....	64
All Hail the Power	100	ETERNITY, ETERNITY.....	160
All the nations are ready.....	158	EVERLASTING LOVE.....	65
Am I a Soldier, etc.,.....	177	Fade, fade each earthly joy.....	179
ANGEL WATCHERS	155	FATHER, SON AND HOLY SPIRIT.	7
Anywhere, dear Jesus.....	48	Fear Not.....	66
Are you walking with the Savior..	40	FROM ALL THAT DWELL BELOW...	64
AS WE GO MARCHING HOME.....	10	GATHERING HOME.....	182
A vision bright.....	144	Gently, Lord, O Gently.....	120
BEAUTIFUL HOME OF THE ANGELS.	141	Gladly do We Gather.....	9
Behold the Lord.....	152	Glory be to the Father.....	161
BEHOLD THE RISEN LORD.....	152	GLORIA PATRI.....	161
BE THOU OUR GUIDE.....	110	God be with You.....	55
Be not Weary in Well Doing.....	76	God for Us	132
Blessed Assurance.....	44	GO FIND IT IN PRAYER.....	49
BETHANY.....	90	Go forth in Jesus' Spirit.....	15
Blessed Promise of the Savior.....	30	GO, STAND AND SPEAK.....	50
Blest be the tie that binds.....	173	Go thro' the gates.....	164
BOOK OF LIFE.....	12	Gracious Father, grant thy blessing	7
Bound 'neath the world's many...	49	Guided by the star on wings.....	150
BRING THEM IN.....	92	HALLELUJAH! THE SAVIOR HAS..	154
By faith I view.....	136	Hark! the Herald Angels Sing.....	148
CALVARY.....	184	Hark 'tis the Shepherd's voice...	92
Children, guard your tho'ts and...	46	Hark! ten thousand harps and.....	95
CHILDREN'S OFFERING.....	57	HARPS AND VOICES.....	95
CHILDREN, REJOICE.....	123	Has thy life a hidden sorrow.....	47
CHILD IN THE MANGER WE HAIL.	150	Have you heard the Master's call.	53
CHRISTIAN JOY.....	4	Heave the anchor.....	94
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day..	153	HEAVENLY VISION.....	144
CHRIST IS RISEN.....	156	HEAVEN THE BEAUTIFUL.....	19
CHRISTMAS CAROL.....	149	He has Come.....	178
CLOSING SONG.....	68	HINDER NOT THE CHILDREN.....	20
Come, all ye children.....	57	HIS PROMISE.....	94
COMING TO JESUS TO-DAY.....	166	Holy! Holy! Lord God Almighty..	67
Come to Jesus, all ye Children.....	96	HOME, BRIGHT HOME.....	93
Come to Jesus.....	145	How do thy mercies, etc.....	140
Come unto Me.....	166	I AM COMING, LORD.....	159
Come with Rejoicing.....	37	I am dwelling on the mountain...	54
Crown Him.....	77	I am safe in the Rock.....	79
Dear Savior, at thy feet.....	31	I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.....	79
Dear Savior, at thy feet.....	110	I have a home.....	74
DENNIS.....	173	I Heard the Voice of Jesus say....	78
Depth of Mercy.....	165	I hear of the glory.....	91
Do You know.....	71	I hear thy welcome voice.....	159
Down thro' the centuries olden....	21	In life's longest.....	87

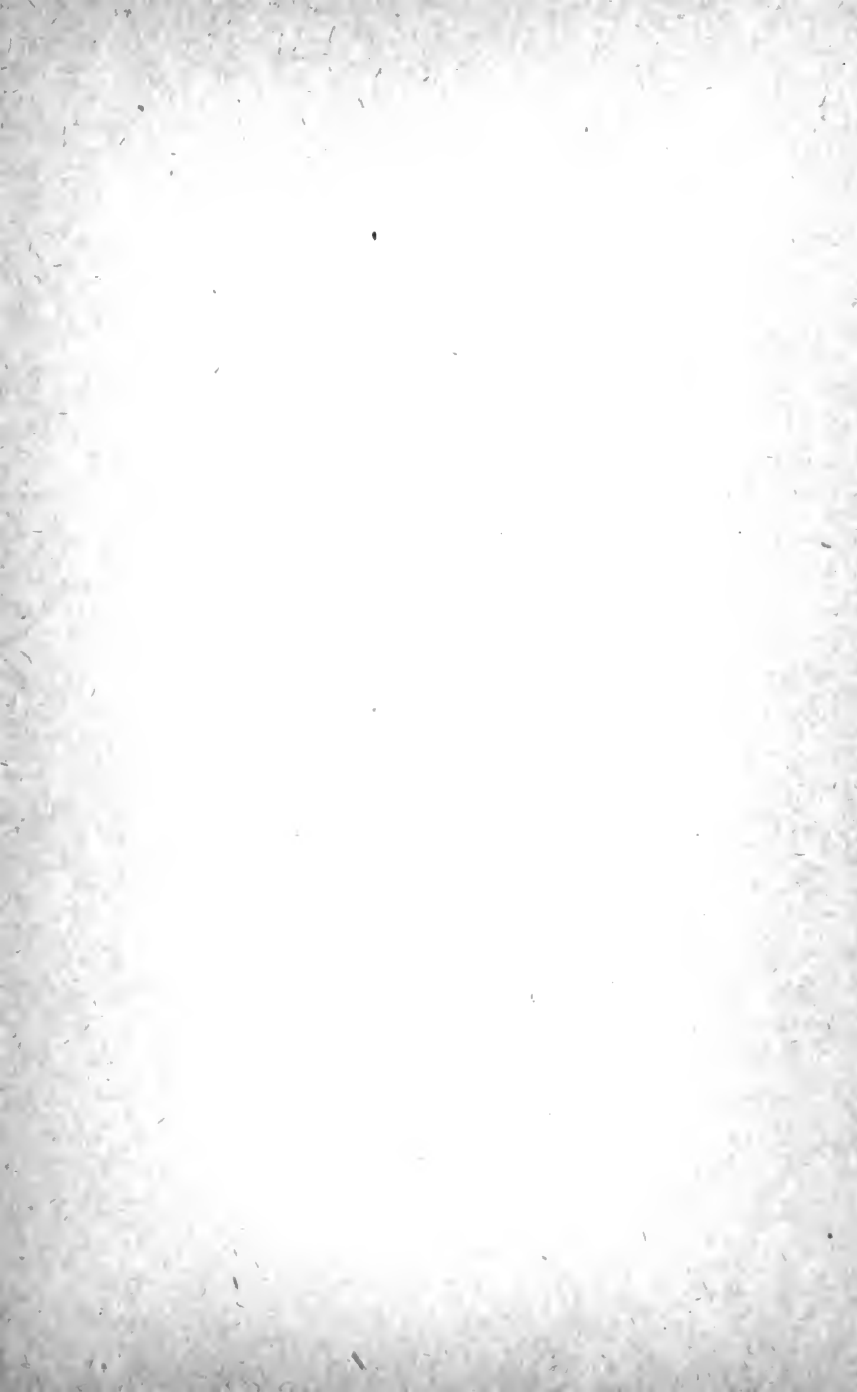
INDEX.

	No.		No.
I Love thy Kingdom, Lord.....	130	LOVE HIM, CHILDREN.....	163
I Love to Tell the Story.....	124	LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.....	129
I'm Nearer My Home.....	52	MARCHING AND SINGING.....	81
IN SWEET BY-AND-BY.....	167	MARCHING IN THE KING'S.....	127
In the Cross.....	98	MERCY'S FREE.....	136
In the Cross of Christ I Glory.....	134	MIGHTY TO SAVE.....	164
In the land where the sun never..	174	My Country, 'tis of thee.....	138
In the morning when the light is..	4	My Faith Looks up to Thee.....	118
In the service of our King.....	170	MY HEAVENLY FATHERLAND.....	36
In the way cast up.....	127	MY HEAVENLY HOME ..	74
In thy blessed word.....	68	Nearer, my God, to thee.....	90
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE....	42	Nearer the Cross.....	34
IS NOT THIS THE LAND OF BEULAH	54	No book like the Bible.....	12
It may not be on the mountain....	50	Now all the bells are ringing.....	156
I've Given my Heart to Jesus.....	17	Now be my heart inspired.....	142
I will Praise Thee, O Lord.....	80	O beautiful land.....	36
I will wait upon the Lord... ..	139	O come, we are marching.....	14
Jerusalem, Jerusalem,.....	56	Oh, Canaan Land.....	180
Jesus is a merciful Savior.....	163	Oh, come to the Savior, children..	168
Jesus is bidding the idlers.....	146	Oh! Free is Salvation.....	117
JESUS IS KING ON THE GREAT....	122	Oh! Hear us, dear Jesus.....	135
Jesus, I my sins confessing.....	43	Oh, I would sing of Jesus.....	58
JESUS IS MINE.....	179	O mansions of beauty in heaven... ..	19
Jesus is the children's Friend.....	5	On Calv'ry's brow.....	184
Jesus, Lover of my Soul.....	39	Onward, Christian Soldiers.....	99
JESUS LOVES YOU.....	71	O the light from the bright world,	35
Jesus, my Savior.....	28	Oh! the Mansions Over Yonder....	75
Jesus, name of all names dearest..	22	OH, THE MUSIC OVER THERE.....	45
JESUS REDEMETH ALL WHO.....	33	Oh, to serve him.....	93
Jesus shall Reign.....	86	Oh. Now I SEE THE CLEANSING... ..	82
Jesus, tender Shepherd.....	32	O SINNER! WHAT THEN WILL YOU	105
Jesus, the loving Shepherd.....	129	O Tell me the Beautiful Story.....	104
JEWELS FOR JESUS.....	25	Our Father, who art in Heaven... ..	116
Joy to the World.. ..	151	OUR KING.....	13
Just as I am... ..	181	Our sweetest songs of gladness ...	13
Keep me near to Thee, dear Savior.	137	OUR WONDERFUL KING.....	158
Keep the Sabbath Holy.....	103	OUT OF DARKNESS COMETH LIGHT	121
King Jesus calls for volunteers....	172	Out of sorrow.....	121
LAND OF BEAUTY.....	60	Over the river, from shore to shore.	160
LAND OF GOLDEN SUNSHINE.....	108	Paul and Silas.....	111
LEAD ME, SAVIOR.....	72	Proclaim the Gospel Tidings.....	18
LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING..	101	PURITY.....	46
LEARN TO WAIT.....	170	Rejoice and be Glad.....	41
Let us seek the land.....	60	Rejoice, O children.....	123
Let us work for Jesus.....	11	RETURNING HOME.....	89
LIGHT HAS DAWNED.....	35	Ring out, O merry Sabbath bells..	176
Little children, little children.....	20	Ring, ring, ring, ring.....	114
LONGING FOR HEAVEN.....	91	Rock of Ages.....	157
Lo, we come.....	51	SABBATH BELLS.....	176
Lord I care not for riches.....	42	SABBATH CHIMES.....	114
Lord Jesus, I long.....	131	SABBATH SONG.....	103
Lord Jesus, we are marching.....	61	SAFE ENROLLED.....	30
Lord, teach our hands to war.	3	SAVING FAITH.....	111
Lord, thy children to thee come... ..	119		

INDEX.

	No.		No.
Savior, lead me.....	72	THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ARMY.....	14
SEEKING FOR ME.....	28	THOU CANST SAVE.....	87
SEND THE LIGHT.....	59	They're gathering home from.....	182
Shout, shout the gospel song.....	171	THY WILL, NOT MINE BE DONE... ..	169
Singing for Jesus.....	2	'Tis a glorious throng.....	108
Sing them over again.....	106	'Tis the promise of the Father	25
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.....	97	To thee dear Lord, I lift my Soul.....	133
Soldiers of th'eternal King.....	109	To thee, Jesus, I am Coming.....	162
Some one's knocking at the door... ..	8	Trusting in the loving Savior.....	23
SOMETHING FOR ME TO DO.....	146	TRUSTING IN THE MASTER.....	26
SONG OF PRAISE.....	119	TRUSTING JESUS.....	23
Soon will the reapers.....	105		
Sun of my Soul.....	143	UNITED PRAISE.....	85
Sweet are the promises.....	115	UP FOR JESUS STAND.....	109
Tell it to Jesus.....	27	VIEW FROM THE "DELECTABLE M.....	56
TELL IT TO THE LORD.....	47		
Tell it with gladness.....	33	WALKING WITH THE SAVIOR.....	40
THE BEAUTIFUL BABE OF.....	147	We are happy little children.....	155
The bells of heaven are ringing....	10	We glorify together.....	89
THE BEACON IS SHINING.....	88	We have stray'd away from home.....	85
THE CHILD IN THE MIDST.....	128	We'll make our heaven here, below.....	107
THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.....	5	We'll sow the seeds of kindness... ..	26
THE GOSPEL STORY.....	38	We praise Thee, O God.....	70
The Great Physician.....	175	We're a happy pilgrim band.....	81
THE HALLOWED SPOT.....	62	WE SHALL MEET OUR LOVED AND.....	29
The heavenly beacon is shining....	88	We sing of Christ our Savior.....	125
THE HIGHWAY.....	84	We will lay our burdens down....	167
THE JOYFUL GOSPEL SONG.....	171	What a fellowship.....	101
THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN.....	24	What a Friend we have in Jesus... ..	113
THE LAND WHERE THE SUN.....	174	Whate'er thou sowest, thou must	16
The Lamb of God.....	122	What tho' the way be weary.....	63
THE MASTER'S CALL.....	53	Where'er my footsteps wander....	73
THE NEW SONG.....	1	When Jesus was asked.....	128
There is a blissful home above....	1	When our fondest hopes are shaken	169
There is a fair sweet happy land... ..	102	WHERE HE LEADS I'LL FOLLOW... ..	115
There is a Fountain.....	183	Where the saved their joys are.....	29
There is a green hill far away.....	126	While I muse in holy rapture.....	24
There is a spot.....	62	WHITER THAN SNOW.....	131
There's a call comes ringing.....	59	Will You Stand up for Jesus....	6
There's a peaceful, shining strand... ..	69	WONDERFUL KING.....	158
There's a way that leads to life....	84	WONDERFUL SAVIOR.....	21
There shall be rest.....	83	Wonderful the story.....	38
THERE THEY ARE RESTING.....	102	WONDERFUL WORDS.....	106
THE SAME SWEET STORY.....	152	Wondrous words! how rich in... ..	65
THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.....	8	Work, for the Night is Coming... ..	112

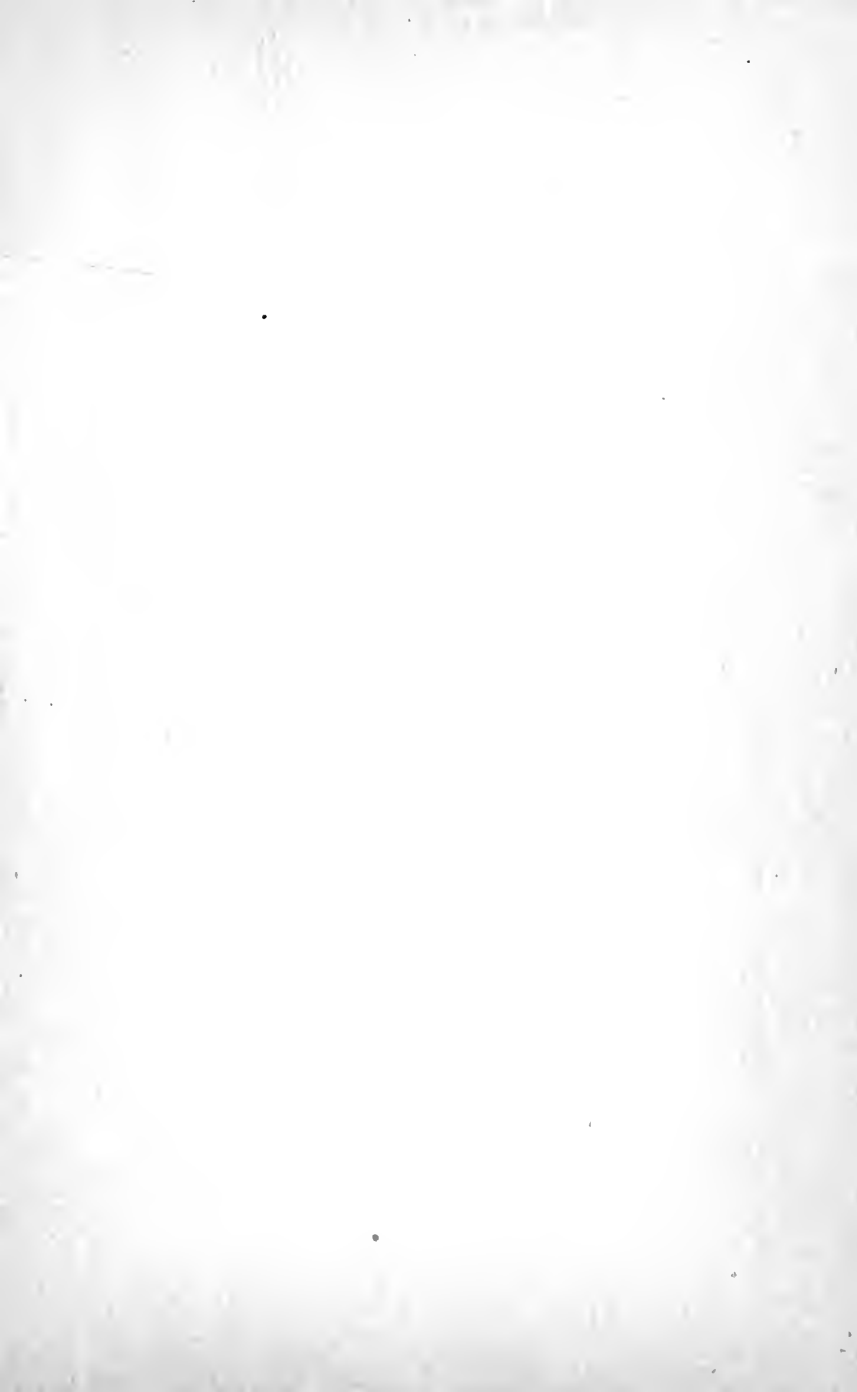




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